

# WAR CRY



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COUNTRESS OF ABERDEEN.

## The Countess of Aberdeen

PRESIDES AT A

### Mass Meeting of Women

—AT THE—

#### PAVILION, TORONTO.

She Deplures Social and Industrial Conditions, and Suggests Practical Remedies for Some Existing Evils.

MRS. BOOTH REPRESENTS THE SALVATION ARMY,  
AND IS WARMLY APPLAUDED.

(Stripped from the Globe, Feb. 26th, 1894.)



MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

Many of the women of Toronto as the Pavilion could hold, were assembled in that building yesterday afternoon, when the Countess of Aberdeen discussed important social problems before the local branch of the National Council of Women. All classes of womanhood were represented, from factory operatives to leaders in the world of fashion, and all alike manifested the keenest interest in the thoughtful and earnest utterances of the distinguished speaker of the day. Her Excellency touched the great moral and social questions with which she dealt as questions for which speedy and practical solution must be found, and she was undeterred in her condemnation of existing evils by any tendency to temperance between right and wrong, which sometimes manifests itself in half-hearted movements for the betterment of the social conditions.

Her Excellency said: "It may seem great rashness to touch this question, but on the one

hand you hear the cry of the mistress for servants, and on the other hand you hear of hundreds of girls living on starvation wages. Can the women of Canada not do something to alter this condition of things?"

#### The Sweating System.

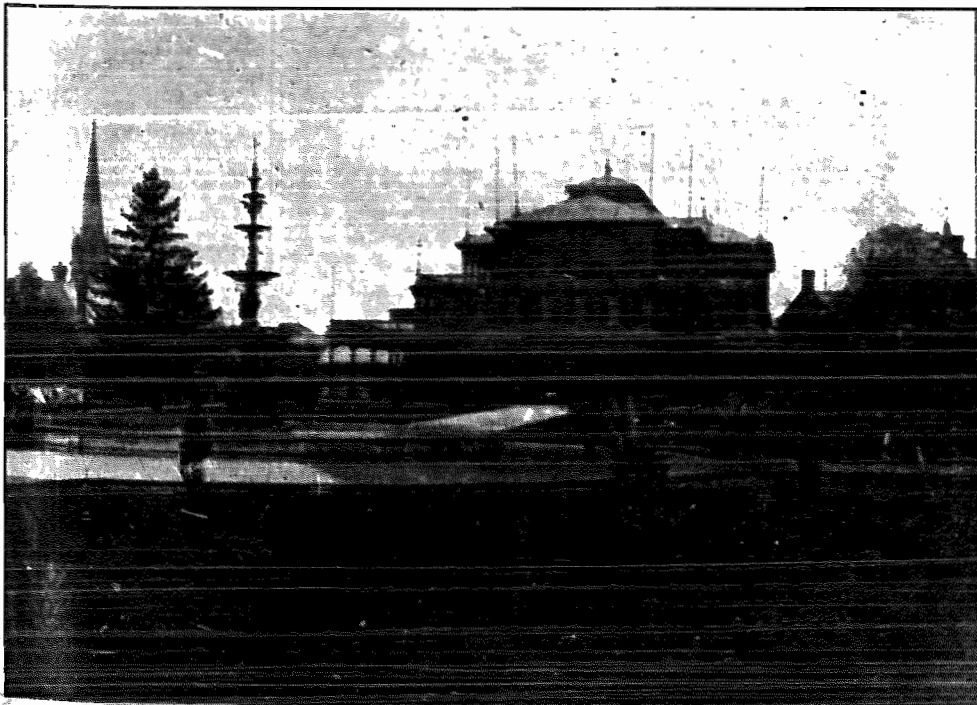
There is another subject which one would scarcely expect to have to bring before an audience in Toronto, or, indeed, in the New World, and that is what is called "the sweating system." It is only lately that I have learnt that these evils, which have become so prevalent at home, and are now occupying the thoughts of our public men, have not only made a beginning here, but have got a pretty firm foothold amongst us. I will only give a few of the facts as given to me. I think it is eminently a subject which the local Council might take up, and, after enquiry, consider how they could best deal with the facts. Of course, we find it is very much the same causes which bring about this state of things here as at home—that most of the ill-paid work is done at home.

I am told there are numbers of girls employed in making overalls who are paid 50 cents a dozen for making them; others who are making coats for 25 cents apiece, of course, supplying their own thread as well; then others making little boys' overcoats, with buttons in front and three pockets, for 14 cents each, these coats taking about a day and a half each to make them; and 20 cents or so for pants, also with pockets, etc.

"These are only samples, ladies, but one would scarcely believe that here in Toronto this state of things could exist, that there are women not living, but existing on such wages. What are the temptations these girls are being exposed to? How can we meet and pride ourselves on the progress of the world, and of all the good works which are going on in our midst, and yet think that there are all these left to struggle through life in this way? How can you expect anything in the way of morality or spiritual life from these poor girls? And yet, think of the numbers who do withstand all the terrible temptations they have to endure, and think what that means, how in a moment they have but to yield to be in comfort.

#### Factory Inspection.

Again, when you speak of the factory girls, not only about their wages, but about the conditions under which they work, do we



THE PAVILION, TORONTO.



## The Salvation of An Opium Slave.

### AFTER SEVEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY.

The ancient city of St. Augustine is noted for its curiosities. It is the Spanish town of America, and has recently become the Winter Newport of the South. Being only about twenty-four hours from New York, it has become the resort of thousands who annually exchange the Northern cold Winter and inclement Spring for a lovely Summer, in which oranges and roses mingle their perfumes with pure ocean breezes.

There is but one St. Augustine, and it has quiet and curious features which are distinctly its own.

The narrow little streets with their

Foreign Names and Foreign Faces,

their overhanging balconies and high garden walls, through whose open doors one could catch glimpses of oranges and figs and waving bananae, make this old Florida town charming and peculiar among all American cities.

A sea-wall extends the water-front from Fort Marion to the United States barracks, and is familiarly called 'Lover's walk.' Near the center is the old town, built around an open square, called the Plaza, on which is situated the 'Old State Market.' Near this part of the city, on St. Francis Street, was the long famous date palm near the enclosure containing 'the oldest house in town.' At the North end of the sea-wall stands Fort Marion, about 200 years old, built of masonry stone from St. Augustine. The fort, which is the only example of medieval fortification on this continent, is a magnificent specimen of military engineering as developed at the time of its construction. It was about 100 years in building, and some of

The Work was done by the Captives in War.

The old fence de Leon spring, which was said to restore health and youth, is given to the visitor about two miles from the city.

Several Nationalities or races are represented here, chiefly the Spaniards, the Minors, the negroes, and Americans from all parts of the Union.

But St. Augustine is not a Paradise. If gardens of beauty, the fragrance of its groves, and the balmy air of its climate give to Florida the beauty of Eden, surely the Ancient City must be the 'Garden of the Lord.' But even here the trail of the serpent to over all, and the devil has his kingdom established.

Our corps in St. Augustine is cosmopolitan indeed. It contains the representatives of several nationalities, as Spaniards, French, Swedes, and Americans. Winter time is by far the best for us, for the city is then crowded with strangers from all parts of the Union, numbers of whom flock to our meetings. Most of these, we fancy, would never think of going to the Army at home. Thus, St. Augustine presents

### A Grand Field for Seed-Sowing.

the driving away of prejudice, and the making of friends for the Army.

Passing from here to Jacksonville, the whole scene changes, for while the population there is as cosmopolitan as the other, yet its people are much more susceptible to Army influence. The Army has done a grand work here through Adjutant Smith, its pioneer, and others. It is true, the Adjutant has had some very dark days since his appointment here, the heaviest of which has been in the promotion of his late wife to glory. Yet even the severance of the tenderest ties has not lessened the influence which follows, together with the security of men and funds to carry on the war, have not been able to move our devoted comrades.

I must mention one specimen of the work done here. Brother M. — was born in Germany. His father, who was a sailor, went to sea, but did not return from that country in 1848. The family came to the States, and our brother led a roving life for some years, visiting South Africa and St. Helena. At the latter place he learned music. Later on he returned to the States, and was all through the war of 1861, being wounded several times. At its close he was pronounced to be in a collapsing consumption, and was advised by the doctor to go to Florida to die, as it was

impossible for him to Live Many Months.

Our brother says: "I went and bought a horse and gun, and decided to get right away from all human beings in the woods." This he did, and lived for several months without seeing a member of his race.

One day, while out, he shot a rabbit, but did not kill it. The poor rabbit, in its lame condition, tried to escape, and our brother chased it. After running some considerable distance he caught it, and the fact dawned upon him that he was a man, far whereas, when he first came to Florida, he could scarcely cross the street without fatigue, he had now been able to run a great distance without the least inconvenience. He therefore decided to return to the city.

As a boy he had dreamed a dream in which he thought he saw

### A Tree that Bore Golden Fruit.

On his return to the city he thought he would go to make his dream a reality. So he commenced to keep an orange grove, and later on he started a tobacco factory. Not being satisfied with either of these, he commenced to gather the palmetto which abounds in the State, and from this he made buttons of all descriptions. He is quite an 'inventive individual, and has spent years of his life in inventing machinery to prepare and make the palmetto fit for the market. He has succeeded, and is the possessor of several patents, all of which are now a means of revenue to him.

He was first

### Attracted to the Army

through hearing the blast of the cannon in the open-air. For God and religion he cared nothing—in fact he was noted as one of the biggest sinners in town. Being satisfied, however, the cannon attracted his attention. He stopped to listen, and the Spirit of God convicted him of sin, and in a very short time he experienced conversion. He at once became a fighting warrior in our ranks, and formed a brass band, the strains of which have been known many summers within sound of the Gospel.

There have been several struggles in his life since conversion. The first was when

### He gave up Opium.

which he had used over seven years. He is a marvel to the doctors. Speaking of the time when he resolved to give up the opium, he said:

"It was as if ten thousand devils surrounded me while I prayed: I could see them all dancing round me; but I wrestled and prayed, and finally got the victory."

Another trying moment was when the Master for whom he was manager said: "You must either quit the Salvation Army or your position."

A moment's reflection brought the answer: "I have decided to remain a Salvationist, and will therefore quit your service."



Of course, it meant much, as our brother had struggled for years, often through poverty and want, to attain to the position he then held: nevertheless, he decided to sacrifice it for Christ. God blessed his fidelity, and it was not long until he was sent for by another man, who employed him at higher wages.

Very naturally his faith in God is greater now than ever, and the name in truth concerning his love for the Army, which was the source of leading him out of darkness into light.—The Compiler.

## A Refractory Girl.

The following is a clipping from an Australian War Cry, and gives an idea of the difficulties connected with the Social Work there:—

"In our Albion-street Home, there is one poor girl whose hard life has turned her into a perfect terror to all who come in contact with her. Her temper is unmanageable, and she simply defies authority. She has practically spent all her life in reformatories, her parents having deserted her when very little. She is a handsome girl, and perhaps the love which animates Army officers may yet win her to be a good one, but it is little enough. Her father is a tradesman. This little meddler, with her hand against all in the belief that all are against her, openly boasts, 'I have been in lots of reformatories, and they have had to get rid of me. I have won out over the other officers, and I will the Army officers, too, and will go like this until the Governor is glad to let me go.' She tells the English and others who plead with her, 'Why should I care? I have no one who cares about me; the Government are my people, that is all. To give an idea of her behavior, she absolutely refuses to work, and so her fits of rage will destroy anything with in reach. For this reason, and for gross misconduct, the furniture of the room in which she slept was one day all removed except bedding, and then presumably opportunity for mischief was also taken away; but it was not long before the street on which the window looked, was broken, and the latter thrown in to the yard; the bedding followed, then the door lock was wrenched off and put down a ventilator, and the beauty reckoned she had scored a triumph, if only a temporary one."

## OUT IN THE BLAST.

Out in the blast, the bitter blast,  
With the whitening snowflakes whirling fast,  
A woman stands, with look forlorn,  
To come the day when she was born;  
Weary, and worn, and fallen she,  
Tortured by cruel misery.

Once in her life on fair as snow,  
Once on her cheeks bloomed healthy glow;  
Clear and bright was her eagle eye,  
Far, far away was the tear and sigh,  
Caroled she forth in a joyous strain  
Her notes, like the welkin rang again.

Lured by the tempter one summer's day,  
As he passed like a courier on his way,  
Darting the glance of an evil eye,  
Now, down, down to the depths of hell  
That followed him hard in his hellish train,  
As he spread the blight of an evil shame.

Hoped, and dreamed, and easy she,  
Counting on hell and heaven's bliss,  
Painting the hours in fancy's strain,  
With a tale of love, of gold, of fame,  
Of days that fly in a blast of light,  
No dawning gloom, nor shade, nor night.

Days of summer are fled and gone,  
Changed in the simple maiden's song:  
No bright card beneath the sky,  
No firm faith from the eagle eye,  
Now, down, down to the depths of shame,  
With a branded brow and a fallen name.

Gone is the "courtier," gone for aye,  
Gone like a fiend that hates the day,  
Gone every trace of the maiden's bliss,  
Gone on his cruel course of ill;  
Gone with his sin and hell-born flame  
To drag another poor soul to shame.

Out in the blast, the bitter blast,  
With the whitening snowflakes whirling fast,  
A woman stands, with look forlorn,  
To come the day that she was born;  
While the man of shame, like a monster grim,  
Pursues the course of his sickening sin.

Oh, Christ I to Thee we breathe our woes,  
Thy heart of love our anguish knows:  
O'er every sin, our every pain,  
Our floods of vice, our sea of shame,  
Our nation's blot, our crying need,  
Oh, Christ I to Thee we come, we plead,  
"Revive Thy work," bid dead souls live;  
Thou "Bread of Life," oh, give, oh, give!  
That hide us "Go, and sin no more."

ALFRED DEBANDEN.

## REDDY, THE ROUGH,

AND

### HIS TWO PALS.

They lived in a mining town in the "Old Land." Three more terrible men never lived. They were drinkers, fighters, gamblers, dead-beats, crooks, robbers, and everything else there was bad and wicked.

They were the terror of the town and country round about. Many a shop-tilt they "swiped," right in broad daylight, and would just as soon snatch a purse as eat. They were born toughs, and even when they were young fellows at school, they once had a fight with a teacher, and threw him out of a window.

One Sunday afternoon they fell in with the Salvation Army open air meeting, while the Captain was having a drum-head collection. A great crowd of miners changed their crowns and half-crowns at a public house near by, for gamblers and half-pence and threw them on the drum-head, till it was literally covered; not a bit of the parchment was left uncovered. Time after time they made the amount up to even shillings, and "spoiled it" by throwing a penny or two too much. The Captain wanted to get sixteen shillings, but they were ready to go to the barracks, and get the money in a small, black saddle-bag also carried.

Reddy and his two companions were standing near by, and seemed to enjoy the fun. The Captain spoke to them, and asked them to come to the barracks, and then Reddy replied he would go if she allowed him to carry the money to the barracks. Of course everybody expected this was only a ruse to get in possession of the pennies, and said if he "got his hands on it, he would skip out with it." They all were much surprised when Reddy and his pals went to the barracks and handed him the purse. Off he and his companions started on a "bee line," and made for the barracks, closely followed by the procession and the great crowd of people. They went right up to the front and took a look with the officers on each side, and then they sat the whole meeting through, still holding the money.

Of course, the meeting was a grand one, after the impetus it got at the open-air. Probably Reddy and the other two never were under such close firing from the Gospel guns before, and never witnessed the wonderful thing that Jesus could do, and as soon as they heard and saw, they were conquered, captivated, delighted, and longed to know personally something about it. Amidst great rejoicing and excitement, the three men knelt at the

penitent-form at the close of the meeting, and were really born again.

The news spread like wild-fire, and great crowds from all over the country came to see for themselves if it really was so that Reddy and his pals had joined the Salvation Army. A miracle had been performed; for they were positively converted, and the people were delighted to hear them testify. This was the means of a big revival starting, and hundreds of the miners and others got saved. In one pit alone there was one hundred saved sinners. God saved Reddy just in time, for only a short while after his conversion he was killed by some timber and earth falling on him. Strange to say, one of the other two was also killed a very short time afterwards in the mines. The other one became a soldier, The Captain (Annie H—), was shortly transferred to the United States field.

F. K. S.

P.S.—The above was told me at the dinner-table by Tommy, the painter.

## The Infirmities of the Weak.

The Apostle Paul says, "We are that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and ought not to please ourselves."—Romans xi. 1. "The Word," says one, "that is rendered to bear signifies to bear as pillars do bear the weight and burden and weight of the house; to bear as posts do bear the rafters, or as columns do bear the floor, or rather, as parents bear their babes in their arms."

There are various ages and degrees of strength in the family of God; and it is a beautiful, pleasant, and proper duty that the strong should help the weak. The love of love which rich in His Kingdom, the love of casting the blind, the maimed, the sick and the infirm, to help one another, it requires those who are near, or quite perfect in spiritual health, to consider them in their infirmities, and to render them all the sympathy and assistance in their power.

(Observe, it is not the sin of the weak that the strong ought to bear, but the "infirmities," such evils as are inevitable to their present state of bodily health, or mental condition, which they have not sufficiency of strength to bear themselves. Bearing their infirmities alone will be a burden beyond their power; but, with the loving aid of the strong they can endure them with patience and resignation.

There are three instances in which our Lord shows how the "strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." First, in the stories of his knowledge, declared in positive words when his Master wished to wash his feet, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Jesus did not act according to Peter's infirmity, but according to His own love and tenderness. He bore His disciple's infirmity, and washed his feet. Second, He considered his weakness, and hearing it in love, showed him as he wished—His feet. His hands, His side, and gave him the opportunity of doing as he desired. Peter, James and John, in the garden of agony, showed the infirmity of their flesh, but their patient Lord did not cast them off. He endured with meekness their infirmity, and even gave an extenuating explanation of it. Oh, how strong in love and consideration is our redeeming God, to be touched with and bear the infirmities of His people! What an example to be strong in faith, to bear the infirmities of the weak.

## Clipped from "A Record of Work in San Francisco Since Christmas."

"What are you doing in the Social Wing?" queries the War Cry man.

"During the six weeks just passed we have assisted 1,300 families ranging from three to thirteen members, and in all stages of distress. Some are pleading poverty from pure avariciousness. We went to visit a lady who appeared, and was recommended by a worthy assistance woman we found in a nice, well-furnished home, with two lady-like daughters singing as sweetly as if the world had no cares for them. They showed our visitor to a luxurious bedroom, where she found mamma sitting up in bed wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, with decanters of wine and other luxuries within easy reach. Her excuse for applying for assistance was that she heard that we were giving away sacks of flour, and she thought she might as well have some as not. This is an exceptional case, whereas the cases above named are not an exception.

"Out of this array of figures I have only found five cases who professed to be trusting in Jesus for succor in time of need, for time and eternity. In these cases the subjects had not fallen into filth and squalor. On the contrary, they were a happy, hopeful lot that said, 'All things work together for good for those who love the Lord.'"



# ANOTHER 'FRIDAY NIGHT OF BLESSING

AT THE

Y.W.C.A. Hall, Elm Street.

COMMANDANT AND MRS.  
BOOTH LEADING.

Splendid Crowd!—Audience En Rapport!

Commandant Delivers Rattling Address  
on "Principle versus Feeling."  
"Daniel's Route to Heaven;"  
"Job and the Rooster;"  
"Having Done All, Stand."

MRS. BOOTH SINGS, AND DELIVERS  
STRAIGHT TRUTH.

Ensign Phillips was again the first soldier called upon to pray, immediately after the Commandant and Mrs. Booth entered the hall. Then came the chorus, bringing everyone into position, spiritually.

"Yes, living Lord, I'm coming to Thee,  
Speak to my heart just now."

Ensign Frith, in petitioning the Throne, said: "We know Thy voice. We love Thee. From the revelation of Thyself to-night, may we more successfully overcome the devil."

"The angels have been instructed to get the blessings ready," cried Brigadier Holland as he lined out—

"Full salvation,  
Full and free for evermore."

"Amen!" responded many voices. The Commandant inveighed against former meetings, then one offered prayer, and

"Even me."

formed a petition for all hearts.

"Even me,  
Let some droppings fall on me."

sang we all, with grace. Ensign Jones' piano accompaniment, and Staff-Captain Fry's cornetting, mingling pleasingly with all.

Mother Florence prayed after the song about the "droppings," thanking Father for the blessings that come, not only in drops, but in showers.

Mrs. Booth, accompanying herself at the piano, gave us part of that beautiful expressive song, breathing holiest aspiration:

"Holy Spirit, lead me, I pray."

The first verse says:

"Jesus, my heart is panting to obtain  
The fullness of Thy Spirit now;  
Oh, cleanse my heart from all unclean,  
And leave Thy mark upon my brow."

Rising, we sang that beautiful song.

"Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,"

to a grandly rolling old tune.

The Commandant encouraged all to take part in the meeting. "As all the physical parts of the body in good health make up a whole living organism, so for a meeting each individual should be in active co-operation, thus making one living whole."

Brigadier Holland read a well-known passage from the book of the prophet Isaiah, which begins, "In the year that the King of the East died." Commenting at the close of his reading, the Brigadier said, "There are men of business whose integrity is undoubted; they pay up to the LAST CENT; they owe no man anything, and yet they never think of rendering a like return to the God who made them. These men are deaf to God's demands. Isaiah had been partly deaf to God's demands, but he confessed; then the order to go. A commission to 'go' generally follows confessions like Isaiah's."

THE COMMANDANT gave another address on "Real Religion." Last week he had shown that real religion was not works. On this occasion he wished to show that it was not an emotion, not a mere something of the sentiments.

The address was one of the best the Commandant has been heard to deliver; it secured strict attention and frequent vociferous expressions of approval. We sobjunct a for bite captured:

Multitudes are awayed by their feelings. They reminded the Commandant of certain insects created with "feelers." Branching out from their bodies these "feelers" entirely direct the insect in its locomotion. It goes by feeling. Some Christians do this. If they feel religious, they go; if they do not feel religious, they do not go. They live on sentiment. Others, when feelings sicken, lash themselves for their apparent lack of religion, and when their religious feelings are excited they are apt to over-estimate their attainments.

Feelings Are Consequences, Not Causes, and they have no moral character, only as they are consequences. Feelings are Dark feelings are the opportunity for God to test us. It is *feeling* people who are most used by God. Speaking on mistaking sentiment for religion, the Commandant said there are people who have such ability to play on the feelings of men and women that multitudes are thereby visibly affected, and they then imagine they have the great power of the Holy Ghost, when all the time it is mere emotionalism.

Take a theatrical play in illustration. There is a death scene. In the pale gleam

forth flames of death to their captors' in the teeth of feeling. Daniel went contrary to his feelings in not flinching from the monsters' jaws. Through a lion's jaws to heaven he would go, sooner than forfeit principle and yield to feeling. Job, sitting on a dunghill, a mere bundle of bolts, ascribed other feelings sufficiently to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him; even though there is no one left to sing my funeral chant, except the rooster, who will get up and crow it out."

Paul was a noble instance of the triumph of principle over feeling, and the Lord Jesus, a supreme example of it. (Christ was as much a man as He was God, and His fight was identical with ours.)

The Commandant here drew a graphic, verbal picture, expository of the words of St. Paul, "Having done all, to stand."

"That soldier, if when the bullets are flying around, and he is in danger of instant death; if then, notwithstanding wife and children, and every natural instinct to preserve life, he stands, then that man is a true soldier."

"And God cries out for such. He wants saints with backbone enough to

women who will live in the spirit of the Gospel. Man should be as the word in the Greek signifies, the 'upward looking one.' Looking up we see Jesus, but looking down we would see the devil. It might be well to

Look More and Talk Less.

Too many are on the religious stage, men copyists when the indwelling Spirit of Christ might be theirs. That Spirit which gives power for asceticism; the light, instead of being flickering like a fire-fly, by

His Presence,

could be kept burning brightly."

The address was full of home truths, and urged the superiority of a life yielded up to the will of an indwelling Christ in contradistinction to a life of imitation of Christ done in the energy of self.

At the close of the meeting we were glad to hear the Commandant announce yet another Friday night at the Y. W. C. A. Hall.

GOOD NEWS!—The Friday night meetings at Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, are to be continued through March.

## Central Provincial Notes.

BY FRANKLIN DE BARRITT.

Our comrades will see from the back page that we have arranged for a Salvation tent on Good Friday. We are looking forward with holy expectancy to a rich outpouring of God's Spirit. Will our officers and friends arrange to come into Toronto, Hamilton, Barrie, and Orillia for the different meetings.

Come prepared in soul; spend some time in prayer, and seek to be made a blessing to all.

Cheap tickets, return, can be got from the different railways. Complete arrangements are not yet made for Hamilton. Good Friday, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt will start at seven p.m., with united Toronto troops, and will have meetings in the Temple all the time. Be sure and get there.

The Commandant's meetings at Hamilton, we shall look forward to with joy. May God be honored with many souls saved.

The Devil and Debt Driving Brigade will be paying you a visit. Help them, comrades, in their efforts to assist our poorer caps. They will come in the spirit of love and blessing for souls.

We are writing at Oakville. Thither we went for a visit to our country Salvation brothers. Our horses and team (three) gave up three miles from Oakville on the home trip. Walked back to Oakville; around the 'Captain we were men of peace, and not the boys that had spent the meeting. Found a bed on the floor, and from two till five a.m. slept as soundly as a bell, when the rest of the boys had gone to sleep.

Good idea that; Toronto officers hire a rig! Captain Hardman and Cadet Rose got up a banquet. Meeting and supper, splendid service, good offering, and good spiritual results.

For a lively, go ahead crowd, you should have seen those officers at the Oakville Y.W.C.A. Hall. How that crowd wore face with real, salvation, holiness truth! Jonah deserting, Jonah repenting, Jonah obeying was the theme. One soul went right from the meeting and spent two hours wrestling with God for deliverance. She got it.

Staff Captain Jewer (that man of resource) demonstrated the improved band; came from Carleton Place, Ontario, officers Carruthers, Banks, Harris; Cadet Rollins, Brigadier de Barritt. Melody, yes; music perfect; esprit de corps, splendid. God bless the band.

God is keeping our brave girls at Oakville and others, just as devoted, all through the Province. Pray for them. Pray for every officer on the battlefield. God shall give us the victory.

The Brigadier has paid a flying visit to Oakville, Downsview, and Whitby. Was there long enough to have souls saved, and to hear that the soldiers' meetings, held in the different places, were a wonderful encouragement and stimulus to our comrades. God bless them all the time.

We trust that every officer, soldier, and Auxiliary in the Central Ontario Province will join in united prayer with us at seven p.m. knee-drill. More prayer, more faith, fresh zeal, and God will help us to beautiful and complete victory. God grant it.

NOW READY!

Bonded volume of

"ALL THE WORLD" 1899.

Price \$1.75. Order at once. Only a small supply on hand.

## Lost! Lost! Lost!

LOST TO ALL THAT IS GOOD AND TRUE IN LIFE.

Lost to Mother,  
Lost to Wife,  
Lost to Home,  
Lost to Children,  
Lost to Happiness.

WHO? . . .

Many a poor fellow who, in the battle of life has gone to the wall. But there is

HOPE! HOPE!! HOPE!!!

The Social Wing of the Army is engaged in rescuing the lost. It is built for that purpose. Many have been won back from the depths of poverty and sin.

Back to Mother,  
Back to Wife,  
Back to Home,  
Back to Children,  
Back to Happiness,  
Back, above all,  
TO GOD—TO HOLINESS—TO HEAVEN.

But many are still left struggling, almost in despair—hungry, ill-clad, spiritless, almost hopeless. They say, "No man cares for my soul."

Do You Care?

Will you give YOURSELF up to the work of rescue and salvation? No gifts, did you say? You do not need gifts. The grace of God and a little common sense are essentials. That is all. Write to the COMMANDANT, at the Temple, Toronto, and offer. God bless you.

"Go for my wandering boy tonight,  
Go search for him where you will,  
But bring him to me with all his might,  
And tell him I love him still."

of the green shaded light the actor lay apparently dying. The audience gasped absorbed. At the last flicker of life the curtain falls, and the great audience bursts into sob. But such emotions have in them no religion! So, also, with many who at meetings hear transcendent themes expounded. Their emotions are stirred. How can they help but be? They feel much, but that is no proof that they have any real rock-bottom religion. What a hollow thing sentiment is! Do not be satisfied with less than the real fact of true religion, viz., love to God and sincere love to His cause. If feelings are not right, go to the root of the matter, put right the wrong, and feelings will soon follow.

Illustrating the fact, that to abide by principle, frequently means to go against feeling, the Commandant said men's best deeds have been done right in the teeth of feeling. Abraham offered his promised son, who was given him in the evening of life, right against feeling. The three Hebrew youths went into the furnace that belated

them against the tide of feeling around. Having on the whole sinned to stand.

Having no many examples of fidelity to principles of righteousness, shall we not follow their example? (Aye, aye! Amen!) Mrs. Brigadier Holland next prayed that God would enable every heart to obey.

Following, came Mrs. Booth's song and address, commanding instant sympathetic attention. We quote a verse of the song:

"May I not tell it to Thee,  
The sorrow of my heart?  
No other ear could understand  
The things I would impart.  
Can I not bring it up to Thee,  
The burden of my life?  
No other ear could hear away  
Its mystery and strife."

Mrs. Booth's address was very animated and full of points. It excited many expressions of sympathy and approval. Mrs. Booth spoke against grumbling and gossip ("FIDUS" "GIVE-IT-UP" criticism, etc. There are people whose houses are adorned with pretty Scripture texts, who fight like cats, "What the world needs is men and



THE

## Commandant TOURING.

Nuptials of Ensign Moore  
and Lieut. Cornell.

CROWDS—BARRIES HALLOO—EXCITE-  
MENT—NUZZAS—STACKS OF FUN  
—THREE CHEERS FOR THE  
HAPPY COUPLE.

LONDON'S BARRACKS—FOOD AND  
SHELTER AND P. G. B.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND REPORTS.

It was by the rivers of Babylon that the  
ancients hung their harps on the willows  
and wept, but it was under circumstances  
far more congenial that the Commandant  
and his A. D. C. turned by the pale blue  
waters of the Detroit river, for had it not  
been arranged that that most happy and  
sacred of all Army ceremonies, that of  
marriage, was to take place between two  
veteran soldiers—Ensign Moore, of Wind-  
sor, and Lieutenant Cornell, of Lindsay.  
Close on the hour of  
midnight, on Satur-  
day, the 17th ult., the  
prominent Chicago fly-  
er rolled into the  
Grand Trunk depot,  
having on board the  
Commandant. He was  
met by the district  
officer, and driven to  
his billet.



On Sunday morning he addressed his  
soldiers in council in an upper room of the  
Y. M. C. A. It is true the tongues of fire  
were not visible, neither was heard the  
sound of the mighty rushing wind, never-  
theless, we had the best possible evidence  
that the power was there, for we felt it.

Gatherings of this description, even  
though the attendance be small, can only  
with one result, 'tis is, a means of  
blessing to the soldiers and a consequent  
impetus to the work; such, without doubt,  
will be the outcome of the one of which we  
write.

Owing to the difficulty of getting the use  
of a larger hall we were forced to conduct  
the afternoon and evening meeting in the  
barracks. It had been announced at first  
that the Commandant would give an address  
on the "Darkest England Scheme." With  
this he started in good style, but before  
he proceeded far it became apparent that,  
to use a paradox, he would "close before  
he finished." History is full of deeds of  
valor done in the teeth of most difficult  
circumstances; the achievements of  
Gallois; of Stephenson; of Granville  
Sharp; of Wellington; of Napoleon, will  
be told while the world stands; but no  
page of history recounts the story of an  
orator who overaccomplished much, where  
a score of babies were present, and when  
each one was trying to make itself heard  
above the din of the others. Such, indeed,  
was the state of affairs on Sunday afternoon.  
The Commandant, like the great Drake,  
tried, and tried, and tried again to succeed,  
but after a vain attempt to hold the atten-  
tion of the hosts he gave way to the irre-  
pressible youngsters, whom, he jocularly

remarked, liked singing better than speak-  
ing. The remainder of the afternoon was  
turned to good account by song and testi-  
mony. The meeting throughout was, not-  
withstanding the difficulties, one of much  
blessing.

The evening gathering was one of  
power; a spirit of conviction reigned upon  
the minds of our hearers, and consider-  
able numbers were baptized, and at the  
close of a well-fought prayer meeting we  
rejoiced over several sinners crying for  
mercy.

The event in which the chief part of the in-  
terest was centered, was the wedding on Mon-  
day evening. This was preceded by a wed-  
ding banquet, which was attended and en-  
joyed by a large number of soldiers and  
friends of Windsor and district. For the  
evening meal, the large Presbyterian Church  
had been kindly loaned for the occasion.  
From 7:30 p.m., the people  
came in crowds, and within a quarter of an  
hour, the spacious building was fairly  
groined—gallery, stairs, and aisles included.  
We very much question whether such a  
large congregation had ever before been  
jammed between those four walls. The  
Commandant was in the best of spirits, and  
held the audience from first to last. For  
an account of the meeting, we quote from  
the *Windsor Herald*:

### UNDER THE FLAG!

Ensign Moore and Lieutenant Cor-  
nell Married

BY COMMANDANT BOOTH AT ST.  
ANDREWS CHURCH.

THE SALVATIONISTS HAVE A HALLE-  
LUJAH TIME.

S. R. O.  
That means, "Standing room only."  
There wasn't even that at St. Andrew's  
Presbyterian Church last night.

There was a perfect jam, and long before  
the time for opening came, the doors had to  
be locked.

Even then people crowded outside the en-  
trance, and a number found their way through  
the school room, and thence into the sacris-  
tory.

Inside, there was a vast conglomeration  
of people. There were Presbyterians, Metho-  
dists, Anglicans, Baptists, Catholics, and Sal-  
vationists.

The latter were very much in evidence.  
Pale bonnets were in conspicuous profusion,  
while the blue coats and red jerseys of the  
male soldiers, added color to the scene.

Their presence was quite plainly indicated  
in another manner. They could be heard to  
sing, and it didn't require an ear trumpet to  
catch the sound of their "hallelujahs" and  
"amen."

These Salvationists are a noisy lot, particu-  
larly when they're enthused, and that is the  
condition they were in last night.

It was a hallelujah wedding.  
Hallelujahs were sung, and filled the church,  
which had been kindly loaned for the occa-  
sion.

The Salvationists and their friends had a  
busy time of it yesterday.

They had to look after their guests, Com-  
mandant Booth and Brigadier Holland; then  
there was a concert and wedding feast com-  
mencing at 5:30 o'clock, and then the wedding.

There was a royal time at the banquet, after  
which the soldiers formed and paraded the  
streets headed by a Detroit band. A regular  
old fashioned open-air meeting was held at  
the public house corner, and then they headed  
for the church.

In the meantime the people had gathered  
and when at 8:30 the soldiers and bride party  
arrived at the church they could hardly force  
their way into the building.

Fairly all were in and made comfortable,  
and Commandant Booth presided the meeting  
with a few brief remarks, in which he took  
occasion to express the hearty thankfulness  
to the church board for the kindly loan of the  
church for the service.

Then followed the usual devotional exer-  
cises, after which two colored ladies from  
Detroit sang a duet, and did it well too.

The Commandant briefly touched upon the  
work of the Army "In Darkest England,"  
and as an example of their labors, stated that  
seven million poor people had been fed and  
seven thousand fallen soldiers rescued from  
Rivers of Infamy and shame.

Before proceeding with the ceremony, how-  
ever, he drew the attention of the two persons  
most interested to some quotations from the  
Scriptures, in which wives were told to sub-  
mit to their own husbands "as unto the law,

and the husbands were admonished to love  
their wives.

Then they were married, and the bride  
and groom stood up behind and held  
each the blue and blood-red colors of the  
Army, and the bride party stood up.

The bride was supported by her sister, Miss  
Cornell; Captain Higgins, Esq., was best  
man; next to the King, of course.

Lieutenant Cornell, the bride, and her sister  
were in the regulation Army costume of navy  
blue, and each wore a crown of cream cashmere  
from their right shoulders.

Inscribed on the bride's sash in gold letters  
was the word, "Redeemed."

The two sisters looked very attractive  
indeed in their neat attire.

The Commandant read the special rules of  
the Army in reference to marriage, and then  
performed the marriage service, by which  
Ensign David Crichton Moore and Lieuten-  
ant Annie May Cornell were made man and  
wife.

The service is similar to that of the Metho-  
dist Church, excepting that in addition to the  
usual vows, are vows of consecration to Salva-  
tion Army work.

Then at the wind-up it reads, "Whom God  
has joined together let no man, law, or devil  
put asunder."

"Now give her a kiss," said the Command-  
ant.

The groom did so, the audience clapped  
their hands, and it was over.

The Commandant said a few words, and  
suggested that a song be sung to express the  
people's feelings, and sitting the action to  
the word pumped air into his little con-  
certina, and commenced singing:

"From my weary heart the burden's rolled away."  
The audience caught the jibe, and a reas-  
oning chorus followed.

The bride and the bridesmaid sang a solo,  
and then the newly married man was com-  
manded to step forward and state his grievance.

He said he wondered that he had any nerve  
left to make a speech. One thing he was sure,  
and that was that he was glad to be there.

The bride made a few remarks, a swinging  
chorus was sung, and a short prayer and praise  
meeting was held as a wind-up.  
Congratulations.

On his return from the West, the Comman-  
dant met the local officers of the London  
corps and had a conference with re-  
ference to the proposed building of a new  
barracks in this city. Look out for further  
information re this. He also visited several  
Army friends in London, and made an  
inspection of the Rescue Home there.

Owing to the earnest solicitation and  
generosity of some well-known friends of  
the Army, London is likely to have a Food  
and Shelter Depot, and a First Aid  
Barracks, before many weeks are over its  
head. There is no limit to the good things  
God has in store for us. Let not our suc-  
cesses elevate us in our own estimation, but  
rather stimulate us to a more devoted  
consecration for the salvation of the lost.

The Commandant paid a visit to Detroit,  
in company with Adjutant MacAbee; looked  
over the Grizzly Street barracks and a large  
Food and Shelter Depot. The latter is not  
an Army institution. He was much im-  
pressed with the Army Garrison chosen  
under the fields of the Stars and Stripes.  
Success to the Commander and his noble  
warriors.

## Women's Shelter.

"THE SALVATION ARMY HOME FOR WORK-  
ING WOMEN."

Officers, soldiers and friends are cor-  
dially invited to come and see for them-  
selves this charming little haven of  
refuge.

The bill of fare speaks for itself:

### The "Retreat,"

THE SALVATION ARMY

Working - Women's Home,  
NOW OPEN,

14 Albert Street, East side Temple.

GOOD FOOD and CLEAN, WARM BEDS

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Soup	2 cents.
Soup and Bread	3 "
Irish Stew	5 "
Tea or Coffee, per cup	2 "
Bread and Butter	2 "
Warm Beds	7 "

Brooming, Plain Sewing and Knitting  
done at Reasonable Prices.

## THE WEDDING IN CHATHAM

CONDUCTED BY

### The Commandant.

For some days we have been on parade with  
what is called "Gideon's Ark," advertising a  
great wedding and banquet, on Tuesday, the  
20th; also the visit of our leaders, Command-  
ant Booth and Brigadier Holland, was well  
announced.



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH SENT WITH THIS  
REPORT.

The grand time has come and gone, but  
we bless God that, from beginning to end,  
it was

### A Bouncing Success.

The banquet was excellent; provisions in  
abundance; everything came off without one  
hitch. The soldiers, with smiling faces and  
happier souls, worked hard, and did all in  
their power to make everyone feel at home  
and enjoy themselves. The barracks was  
nicely decorated for the occasion.

After the banquet the officers and soldiers  
marched to the Grand Opera House for the  
wedding. Here we had a very large crowd,  
with good music, furnished by the sisters.

Carrie Warner and Brother William Rey-  
nolds were the contracting parties, supported  
by Sergeant Allan Stoenias and Lieutenant  
Dover, of the local corps.

### The Bride

has been a faithful soldier in the Salvation  
Army for some eight or nine years, and she  
has been successful in winning souls for Jesus.  
The groom has only been connected a few  
months, but rejoices much in a free and full  
salvation.

The Commandant conducted the ceremony  
and gave some very straight pointers on mar-  
ried life. He said we could get people to our  
weddings who would not come to a funeral,  
therefore the children of the Lord had a good  
chance to deal faithfully with the people about  
these souls.

After the

### Articles of Marriage

were read by Brigadier Holland, our comrades  
present to abide by them, and to live accord-  
ing to God's Holy Scripture.

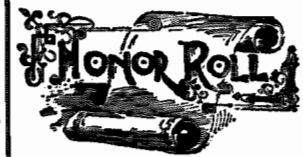
The Commandant then, in the name of God  
and the Salvation Army, declared them to be  
man and wife, and prayed that their coming  
together would prove a blessing, not only to  
themselves, but to all around them.

After this the bridesmaid sang a solo suit-  
able to the occasion.

We finished with

### A Wedding Feast

as the barracks, where three hundred people  
took part. We realized about one hundred  
dollars, which, after expenses were paid,  
went to wipe off corps debt. G. M.



30 AND OVER.	20
Serv. McHargill, Golderich	20
40 AND OVER.	
Lieut. Tucker, Riverside	41
Mrs. Beck	41
Serv. Turner, Chatham	49
Sister White, Portage la Prairie	49
50 AND OVER.	
Capt. Banks, Riverside	36
Serv. Mrs. Bickles, Langs	34
Mrs. Harris	31
60 AND OVER.	
Lieut. Dorn, Chatham	26
Lieut. Sister, Lippincott	26
Serv. Capt. Wynn, Lidoval	27
Ida Silver, Ingersoll	27
Sister Mackenzie, Ingersoll	27
Serv. Turner, Chatham	27
Serv. Mrs. Bickles, Langs	27
Mrs. Beck	20
Sister McKinley	20
Sister Gamble, Sioux	20
Mrs. Mason, Windham	20
Sister Matten, Wingham	20

The Easter Supplement would beautify  
the wall of a Palace.



## Sinners of Deepest Dye.

BY CAPTAIN CARBETHRE.

TUNE—On our way rejoicing. ("B.J." No. 2.)

1 Come, sinners of the deepest dye, come all to Him just now,  
He wants to free you from sin, and give you peace and joy;  
He wants to take all from your heart, that would your soul destroy,  
And set you on your way rejoicing.

## CHORUS.

Come home, come home, your Saviour waits for you;  
Come home, come home, and see what He will do:  
He'll pardon all the sins of years, and make you good and true,  
And set you on your way rejoicing.

You know that you are doing wrong, and grieving your best friend,  
The God Who holds your life and time in the hollow of His hand:  
Now, sinner dear, give up yourself, get saved and take your stand,  
And go upon your happy way rejoicing.

Now, God has often spoke to you, and wished you to decide,  
The Holy Spirit came along, and with you He did strive;  
And now He strives with you again, come take Him as your guide,  
And go upon your happy way rejoicing.

Oh, very soon the time will come, these chances will be gone;  
Come for aye, to stay away, and never to return;  
And in your sins you will be left, and then you'll weep and mourn,  
Instead of going home rejoicing.

## ORDER EARLY! THE EASTER CRY.

## As I Look Back.

BY WILLIAM BURNIE.

TUNE—On to conquer: of, Trump, tramp, tramp. (B. J., 76.)

2 As I look back o'er the years, I have come through smiles and tears  
Since I first received the pardon of my sins:  
Since with warring faith I came, Seeking life through Jesus' name,  
How I praise the Lord for all that He has done!

## CHORUS.

We'll all shout hallelujah.

There have been some hours of gloom, Mid-night where it should be none,  
For, like Peter, I had followed far behind;  
Many, many, weary sighs, Often and weeping eyes  
I have had, when joy and gladness should have reigned.

But since then to trust I've learned, Into joy my gloom has turned,  
For I know that God is with me every hour:  
Hand in hand with Him I go, Victory in my soul I know,  
All my weakness has been conquered by His power.

## OH! Don't miss it! \*\* The Easter Supplement:

## Blessed Jesus.

BY W. B. KINGSTON.

TUNE—Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

3 All united we will sing, Blessed be the name of Jesus,  
Praises to our Lord and King, Blessed be the name of Jesus.

## CHORUS.

O precious to His name Who for our sins was slain;  
Oward roll the glad refrain, Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Joyful news to all mankind, Blessed be the name of Jesus;  
Lift eternal all may find, Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Every sinner may be free, Blessed be the name of Jesus;  
The debt was paid on Calvary, Blessed be the name of Jesus.

## Arouse! Arouse!

TUNE—Let us stand our ground.

5 Arouse! arouse! the judgment is at hand,  
Why waste you all your time in idle dreaming?  
Before the Great White Throne you soon will stand  
To hear your sentence passed.

## CHORUS.

Sinner, sinner here, how will you appear?  
If you meet God then with garments stained with sin,  
When the die is cast and His money paid,  
How will you stand before Him?

Oh, haste! oh, haste! thy life is flying fast,  
And in death's chilly waves thy feet will fall;  
You'll need Him then to hear you thro' the surge,  
Or sink to rise no more.

Awake! awake! and Christ shall give thee light;  
Across thy path the rage from Calvary's streaming;  
In thy dark heart the gloom will be dispelled,  
If you for mercy call.

Come forth from sin at Jesus' loving call,  
He'll prove Himself to thee the Great Deliverer;  
He'll break for thee the power of Satan's thrall,  
And lead you on no more.

7.45 FRIDAY EVENING! What's that? Call at the Y. W. C. A., Elm Street, and SEE!

## On the Other Shore.

TUNE—Tell them all to meet there.

4 Some of us have loved ones Who have gone before,  
And we're going to meet them On the other shore.  
When our fighting's over, And the victory won,  
Then we'll see the Saviour, And we'll hear Him say well done.

## CHORUS.

Tell them all to meet there, tell them all to come.

Sad will be the parting When we meet our God,  
If we have not washed our robes In His atoning blood:  
Then we'll have to suffer Through eternity,  
And there'll be no happiness, But we and misery.

Why not come to Jesus? Have your sins forgiven;  
Then you'll meet your loved ones When you get to heaven.  
Jesus now is waiting, Knocking at the door,  
Why not bid Him enter, Let He knock there, never more.

YES! Mrs. Booth is expected to Sing at the Friday evening Meeting, Elm Street.

## Our Beautiful Home.

BY IMMIGRANT FAY LANG.

TUNE—In the sweet by-and-by.

6 There's a beautiful home up above, Far away over Jordan's dark flood;  
But its beauty you never shall know, Unless washed in the sin-cleansing Blood.

## CHORUS.

We will fight, we will fight, To our Saviour we mean to be true. (Repeat.)

For our King we will faithfully fight, And His love to you sinners proclaim;  
For His will is our greatest delight, We will glory in His name.

We have loved ones, now gone on before, There in heaven they sing round the Throne;  
We shall meet on the overtop above, When our work here below we have done.

## Contents of this Issue.

FRONTISPIECE.—COUSINS OF ASHERDEN AT THE PAVILION, TORONTO.  
TORONTO PRESS OF MRS. BOOTH'S ADDRESS.  
THREE WEEK'S CAMPAIGN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.  
EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.  
SALVATION OF AN OPPIN SLAVE.  
MRS. BRANWELL BOOTH'S HOLINESS CAMPAIGN.  
THE OLD LOVE.—(In three parts), by Mrs. Booth Tucker.  
THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.  
HOLLAND'S LATEST CAPTURE, by Colonel James Giffen.  
COMMANDANT TOTTING.  
WEDDINGS AT WINDSOR AND CHATHAM.  
SODAS.  
EDITORIALS.  
TRIDENTAL TOPICS.  
WESTERN PROVINCE.  
WESTERN ONTARIO PROVINCE.  
CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. (Illustrated).  
GIVE OF WORLD'S "CRY."  
NITRALATHE.  
SONGS OF THE NATION.  
ETC., ETC.

## THE SUPPLEMENT.

The supreme attraction of the Easter Cry cover is the supplement.

The Commandant has chosen for this a picture by one of the greatest painters of the ages, on a subject which, to our mind, is the most divinely sublime and awfully sacred in the history of the human race.

The subject depicted in the agony of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Garden.

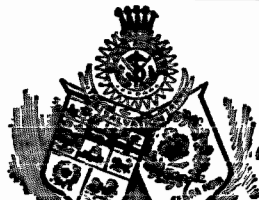
The ground here is almost too sacred for human tread, but the artist has presented nothing that obtrudes unpleasantly on the most refined and tenderly Christian sensibilities, while the design is so transparently simple that the tiniest child cannot gaze at the representation without having the sacred and the sublime within him stirred.

The actual copy, as published by us, I have not yet seen, but should the execution be faithful the result will be a work of sacred art worthy of gracing the home of the highest and most cultivated family in the Dominion, and at the same time eminently suited for the humblest shanty. The public, without exception, positively ought to purchase a copy of the Easter War Cry for the sake of the exquisite supplement.

## THE EASTER SUPPLEMENT TO THE WAR CRY

—WILL CARRY UP—

## THE LUMBERMAN'S SHANTY.



## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

Captain Annie Stewart, of Montreal Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.  
Lieutenant Matthew J. McOulchlan, of Sherbrooke, to be Captain.  
Cadet William Pollard, of Dovercourt, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Sarah J. Shannon, of London Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

## APPOINTMENTS—

Captain McOulchlan to take charge of Bedford, P.Q.  
Lieutenant Pollard to take charge of Orangeville.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,

Territorial Headquarters,  
Toronto, Ontario.

## THE EASTER WAR CRY

Will Contain a Remarkable  
Contribution

## BY THE COMMANDANT.



TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1904.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,  
Thursday, March 4, 1904.

## THE SPECIAL.

This is the month for the production of our special Easter number, of the inspiring old War Cry. Our thousands of War Cry readers, scattered through the Dominion and the world, will be on the tip-toe of expectation to get a first glimpse of their old friend in its new habiliments. Every reader may look out for a blessing. No labor is being spared to make the special issue a real, good, solid, salvation-bringing, which will team with downright out-and-out Salvationism; stir the conscience, and warm the heart of every lover of Jesus; awaken, convict, and lead to salvation the sinner, and at the same time, be interesting to every person who cares a straw for his Maker, and the creature He has made.

## EASTER NUMBER.

Particularising—we ought to mention our Easter cover. The subjects represented are the five scenes previously quoted as fitting subjects for the Easter number, viz., Gethsemane, Calvary, Resurrection, Ascension, and Pentecost. Four subjects on each corner, and one in the center, with the words War Cry midway of the top and bottom halves of the page, in clear old letters, around which appear letters of twisted thorn, forming the words "Easter Number." A beautiful page in thus formed, in which our artist has put some of his very best work. The whole will be produced in a myrtle-green tint. The last side of the cover is devoted to a farcical exposure of the Army's Trade operations, by Staff-Captain Friedrich, our Trade Chief. A perusal of this after dinner will likely aid the process of digestion. For the list of contents, I must refer our readers to next week's Cry, promising them, at least, one prime article, by the Commandant, in his most striking style.

## EASTER YOUNG SOLDIER.

This worthy little weekly, we must not forget. We discovered a glorious picture, just after the Commandant's own heart, entitled, "True Till Death," which will make a most admirable frontispiece, that must stir the soul of every Junior; and actually while the huge proportions of the great ten-cent War Cry loomed and towered in the majesty of its demand on the Commandant, this bold little torpedo boat ran close in to shore, and secured from him a promise to write one of his thrilling articles in illustration of the picture.

SIR! It's a positive FACT! There is a Holiness Meeting at Y. W. C. A., Elm Street, on Friday evenings in March.

## Mamma, are you a Christian?

The wife of an influential lawyer in C— gave the following account of her conversion:—One evening her little daughter came to her and said, "Mamma, are you a Christian?" "No, Fanny, I am not," and as the little girl walked off her mother caught the words, "Well, if mamma isn't a Christian, I don't want to be one." These cutting words sank deep into the maternal heart, and she then and there gave herself up to Christ.

Unhappy mothers! Go and do likewise and give your children a Christian example of a Christian life.

# Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

On the 19th of February I tied the knot which is henceforth "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," to bind the fortunes of Ensign and Mrs. Booth. I have officiated at larger weddings, but never more crowded; nor have I repeated this sacred service with a better consciousness that God had sealed the union. May the blessing of Jesus be upon you both; dear comrades! May life's joys interweave your smiles; life's cares unite your efforts: life's fears make you cling the tighter to each other! Don't think your long-absent for happiness will transport you from this vale of trial and tears. Ensign will still be about you, but they will make the confidence you repose in each other the sweeter: difficulties will come, but you will encounter them better together than apart; evil influences will assail, but, oh, let them not pluck you asunder, but drive you for protection still closer to each other's hearts! Above all, seek first the Kingdom of God. As you believe your marriage was made in heaven, so permit nothing that would mar its fruits for that better land.

At the mass meeting for women only, in the Pavilion, presided over by Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Booth was present, and was asked to speak. The Lord wonderfully helped the Army's work among the poorer classes with which our efforts are regarded. By-the-way, may I ask the prayers of all my comrades for the speedy removal of the causes that have kept my dear wife so much at home. Our youngest little son is still in a delicate state, although the horizon is far brighter than it was. It is a misfortune that just at a time when so much needed, Mrs. Booth should be unable to do more on the field; but, thank God for her splendid service in Toronto and behind the scenes! Let everyone keep believing for her assistance in the Province; she is so anxious to visit them.

After long and faithful service, through storm and sunshine, Ensign Swetten goes for a spell of field work. For years he has been desirous of gaining some field experience, and a promise was given long ago by the Commandant that when a suitable moment occurred, and the

Ensign could be spared, he should have the desire of his heart. The coming of Brigadier Holland to the Commandant's side made it possible to release the Ensign for a time, and he goes, accordingly, as a special gift to the Commandant's post colony, Newfoundland, where he will take command of a District. God go with you, my trusted armor bearer, and give you victory all along the line.

## No branch of the Army's work in the country provides a more noble field than the Rescue work. It is daily developing, so much so that it has become quite impossible for Mrs. Booth to give it the attention it deserves without further help. After much prayer and thought, that help has been decided upon. The mantle has fallen on Ensign Corwa, who henceforth will act as Secretary to Mrs. Booth for Rescue operations throughout the Dominion. The Ensign will, in addition, continue for the present to take the oversight of the Toronto Home, which will be the Headquarters of the Rescue work.

Ensign Corwa has been an Officer ten years. She came from Toronto, and has filled the following appointments: *Chief—Guelph; Lieutenant—Bridgetown, London; Captain—Simcoe, Stratford, Trenton, Sandville, Guelph, Thorold; Rescue work—London Rescue Home, St. John Rescue Home, London Rescue Home, Toronto Rescue Home, Penetang Rescue Home.* The fact that she is so trusted and promoted is the best way of proving how much we shall and do pray for her.

It is fitting that this appointment should take place on the eve of the establishment of two more Homes of help and succour. The Halifax Home, Ensign Martyn writes, will be a small Rescue work has been established in the capital city of Newfoundland. And there are more to follow, had we only the officers to work them.

And why should we be thus hindered in our progress for want of hearts and hands. Surely there are plenty up and down who would volunteer, could they but know the need, and see the chance. You may be unqualified for field work, my friend, but if you love sinners, here is a call for you. Come at once, send up your name to the Social Secretary and leave the responsibility of saying whether you are any use with us. But, oh, what will you say to God if you delay?

## Wanted! Social Workers.

For field work, my friend, but if you love sinners, here is a call for you. Come at once, send up your name to the Social Secretary and leave the responsibility of saying whether you are any use with us. But, oh, what will you say to God if you delay?

Despatches just to hand from England, tell of the General's arrival in London to head the International Congress at the Crystal Palace. It is to be a stupendous affair. Most of the Territorial leaders will be present, and parties of officers are to be sent from all parts of the globe. Of course, Canada will put in her appearance, but how, in not yet decided. Keep believing, and get a move on, and there is a bare chance of your getting a share in the glory the other side of the fish pond.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Howell are rejoicing in the arrival of a little daughter. Father, mother, and babe, please accept our most hearty congratulations. Ensign McMillan succeeds Ensign Swetten, as Secretary to Brigadier Holland and the Commandant. God give him speed and wisdom to get through his typewriter all he gets put into his head. Ensign McNamara has been suddenly called home to her father, who is dying. Pray for her. Ensign Williams is packing aboard at Dundas. Major Callahan is preparing for a great "Oeding Campaign," in London, for a new barracks. See next City.

See next City. Captain Coruthers has gone into Lippincott with a bang; while Captain Edgcombe holds his own at the Temple. Brigadier Jacobs, wife, and family, will be at the *Lancasterian*, from Liverpool, on March the 8th. They open the new Rescue Home on their arrival. Captain Stewart, of the Montreal Rescue Home, is promoted to the rank of Ensign. Lord, let it be a blessing to Godward and heavenward! Ensign Blackburn and Lieutenant Fugh, are forwarding from Belleville, and taking charge of the new Salvation Harbor, at Halifax. It is a tremendous undertaking, but we believe the Ensign will tackle it. Captain Fitzpatrick is well in charge at the Victoria Rescue Home, while Captain Jordan leads that branch of the work in Winnipeg. Brigadier Barratt has been having splendid times at his first Provincial visit. He proposes to take Central Ontario by violence, and the Commandant is believing for his success. Eighteen Candidates were accepted for the field, and four for the Social Work, one night this week. Brother Reynolds was married to Sister W. Mart, of Chatham, by the Commandant, on the night of February 21st 1894. May that be the birthday of a multitude of blessings, my dear comrades. Brigadier Holland is at the Commandant's side, working like a Trojan.

## LOOK OUT!

FOR THE COMMANDANT'S ARTICLE in the Easter Cry.

## How to Compose and Write Music.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN F. W. FRY.

Should any of our soldiers or officers be inspired to compose a salvation song, who have no knowledge of music, the following suggestions may be a sufficient guide to enable them to commit their composition to writing in a form which is, at any rate, distinct enough for the Musical Department officer to decipher:—

1. Before attempting to commit your composition to paper, get it fairly fixed in your mind.
2. Having done this, make a drawing of a certain number of parallel lines. Five should be used, as in music.
3. On these lines, and in their spaces, place the notes. These might be represented by thick dots.
4. In determining the position of the notes, proceed as follows:—

There will be a certain sound, called the key-note, which will be the foundation note of the melody, and on which it will, with very few exceptions, end. Fix the position of this note on the staff, and insert the others according to their distance from this note.

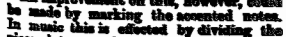
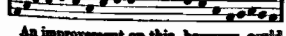
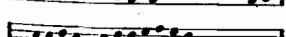
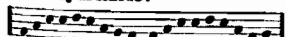
As an illustration, we will take the chorus composed by the Commandant—

"All I have I am bringing to Thee."

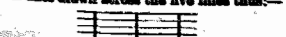
The melody of this tune embraces eight notes. It both starts and finishes on the key note, and runs so high as its octave or eighth note. As in music, therefore, so arrange these notes, that they are all included in the five lines. The starting note should, therefore, be near the bottom, and they might be written thus—



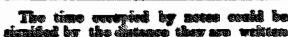
Having written the above scale of notes, you might sing or hum them over to gain some measure of acquaintance with their position and pitch. Then proceed to write the melody as follows—



An improvement on this, however, could be made by marking the repeated notes. In music this is effected by dividing the lines into equal portions, called bars. These portions are indicated by perpendicular lines drawn across the five lines thus—



The repeated notes follow close after those perpendicular lines. Under this arrangement, the foregoing piece would be written thus—



The time occupied by notes could be signified by the distance they are written from each other. As an illustration of this, we will take the first part of the Commandant's tune, "The Punisher's Plea."



Or, better still, the regular beats or pulses could be signified by small dashes, thus—



Should any of our comrades think of using these suggestions, and send us up any songs of their composition, I would add one or two words more:—

1. Write the words of the first verse and chorus under the notes, each syllable coming under its respective note.
2. As the above may lead to a number of songs being sent in that are either unsuitable or too much like another song, our contributors must not be discouraged if any of theirs should find their way into the W. P. B., but should there be one good song sent in as a result of this article, I shall think my effort not in vain.

FOR THE CABIN OF THE NEWFOUNTLAND SUPPLEMENT.

## Wasted Punishment.

On learning that his son had been guilty of using some blasphemous expression, a pious Yankee proceeded to reprove him severely, and then started whipping and scolding him at the same time. As his temper rose to the occasion, the American swore several profane oaths himself while ineffectually punishing his son for the same offence.

However utterly ridiculous it may appear, this incident only serves to show the folly of precept without example in any and every instance. Of course, that can would ever again, just as soon as the father was out of hearing.

Paul said: "Follow thou me, even so I follow Christ."

Belsham said: "He that walketh with wine men shall be wise."—Prov. xiii. 20.

You should adorn the wall of your best room with the Easter Supplement.

## HELP THE SOCIAL WING.

"There are many and many in this plannet world of ours."

OLD BALLAD.

The rapid development of the Salvation Army's Social operations for raising those who, through mistakes and sin, have sunk in the social scale, has opened up a sphere of usefulness to many who have hitherto been prohibited from taking as great a share as they desire in the holy warfare for Christ in which the Army is engaged.

The Commandant has in hand arrangements for the still further pushing ahead of the Social Wing, and men to help in the good cause are urgently needed. If you have a desire to show your supreme regard for God by your service to humanity, this is your opportunity. Write to the COMMANDANT at Salvation Temple, Toronto, straight off.

The lack of gifts need no longer keep you out of harness. Apply for service in the Social Wing of the Army, and they will find you a place.

Halifax Shelter opens immediately. Men are wanted. The Women's Rescue Home, Halifax, will soon be in operation. Women are wanted. Apply without delay.

## CORRECT, CONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

In a waterside city, the large clock on the high tower of the City Hall, registers what is called "electric time," and is so well known to be very accurate that citizens set their watches by the "correct city time." Great mills, manufacturing, and railways run by the clock. Should it gain or lose an hour, the whole city would be thrown into confusion. So it is with life. The correct life of a converted Christian may be a bright example for many; while a wicked life of sin may lead many associates astray—"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."—Gal. v. 9.

Paul said: "Follow thou me, even so I follow Christ."

Belsham said: "He that walketh with wine men shall be wise."—Prov. xiii. 20.

You should adorn the wall of your best room with the Easter Supplement.

## THE LATEST.

St. John's, Nfld., February 24th.

Commandant Booth.—  
Heavenly gales blowing—  
Great awakening—Liberty—  
Sunday, twenty-eight souls for salvation.  
W. J. Payne.

Major Endle, late of Canada, more recently P. O. in the Liverpool Province, appointed as Chief Secretary to Commander Hollington Booth, U.S.A.

## Notes From Central Ontario Missions.

Testifying at Unbridge, one of the soldiers declared that when seeking full salvation, he determined not to be satisfied with a new piece on her own heart, but wanted a clean heart altogether. Her full salvation takes her to the street corners and helps her, at the age of ninety years, to be a God-servant under the electric light. Reader, of what value is your salvation to the dying world?

Ensign Aikhead is determined to do her utmost for the children. New Company classes are being formed; additional Sergeants appointed; prepared scriptural lessons being read, and we are expecting before long, to have a real model Junior corps in the Ambition City. Wanted—some holy ambition in this direction.

"I'll preach no full salvation," said one of our officers, "that will do away with the necessity of ever again pleading prayer with God." Full salvation will lead you to spend more time with God, and much time will not give you less opportunity for dealing with sinners, but will economize your moments that have hitherto been spent uselessly.

Garrison Work, League of Mercy, Toronto district special meetings, lectures to cadets, Insp. Mrs. de Barritt and Mrs. Staff-Captain Jervis party busy. These God-fearers, who were once wandering women, can find a sphere to work for Christ. Wanted—more workers.

"We want to see the plans," writes Captain W. The thought came, supposing God wanted to see our plans, and the Heavenly Architect wished to examine the specifications: Could we stand the scrutiny? He understood our thoughts after that. Oh, he thought that are brought into captivity to Christ, and for a planned out life which is arranged with a single eye to God's glory and the extension of His Kingdom.



## WESTERN PROVINCE

REDAEMER MARGOTTE.

## Victoria, B. C.

At present everybody is on the tip-toe of expectation. We are just on the eve of a three days' campaign, led by Brigadier Margotte. Our officers are, at the time of writing, attending the Nanaimo council, but before going they made some very striking announcements.

The corps is in good condition, and we are believing for greater victories than ever. Our backslider has come back to Jesus this week. During the absence of our officers the soldiers are holding on. Two brothers led the meeting on Monday night, and did splendidly, while on Wednesday two ladies will hold forth. We are expecting great things. Look out for report of special meetings.—ANNE REILLY, Special Correspondent.

## Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR EDITOR,—With joy we report a week of glorious victory, resulting in eight souls won for Jesus by the tender pleading of the Holy Spirit, and it is really beautiful to hear the dog young converts testify and pray. We love them, and it makes us so happy to see them getting saved. Our meetings are full of deep conviction, and many go away severely wounded; our prayers go with them that they may be converted at some other place, and leave to see that their souls are saved. The dear converts of God bless them, are quite enthusiastic over the late victories, and are determined to fight the devil to the death, and we are believing for great things in the near future. God grant it may be so.—THOMAS KNIGHT.

## Neepawa.

Just returned from a meeting held at Winchester, one of our outposts, where we had a real blessed time. Two Christians, after the meeting, expressed their desire to become Salvationists. One young man did not like the idea of being called a sinner; while others were almost persuaded to kneel at the drum. An officer had just swept over the country, it was thought I would never arrive at my destination; after a little blessing the Lord brought me through, bless His name. Returning, said Wm. Carr at Jordan. Our Junior soldiers' meetings are wonderfully blessed of the Lord. Lieutenant FRANK MARSH for Captain JOE ELLIOTT.

## Calgary.

Another week has gone into eternity, but we can thank God for victory in our own souls. We have just had a visit from Brigadier Margotte, which was much appreciated by us all, as we do not have many special up here, being 2000 miles from any corps, and 300 miles from Divisional Headquarters. We closed the day with our usual retreat.

The following Wednesday we had a meeting led by the band boys, which went with a swing. God bless them!—CAPTAIN MAJOR COWAN.

## Portage la Prairie.

We are having some real definite, heart-satisfying times. God has blessed us wonderfully, and no less than thirty-three were out seeking the blessing of a clean heart and two for pardon, making thirty-five for two weeks. The devil is mad, but he can't help it. We are determined, with Jesus as our leader, to have the victory.

Sunday's meetings were grand, soul-inspiring times; good marches; barncalls full; soldiers' fire, many sinners badly wounded, but none would yield. Our motto is, "We never will give in." Yours in for victory.—SERGEANT W. F. CROOKER, Special Correspondent.

## Rapid City.

We had a visit from Adjutant Magee, accompanied by Sergeant Hart, from Brandon, on Monday and Tuesday, February 5th and 6th.

Monday night we had a fair crowd. Our Methodist friends lent us their church, for which we were very thankful. The soldiers mustered up in good spirits, and went in with all their might. After a good lively testimony meeting, the Adjutant read the lessons, and asked, every soldier went on their knees, and took hold of God, and He honored our faith in giving us FIVE SOULS. We are believing for more to follow.—CAPTAIN JAS. CHODANET.

## Moosejaw.

We had a beautiful time in the cottage meeting; there were only ten of us. We purpose continuing these meetings. Three sinners were there, and God's Spirit has taken hold of them. We are looking for them to hold the Kingdom. Converts are doing well; one sister came to meeting, brings the baby, and sits her in a chair on the platform. "Where

there's a will there's a way."—CAPTAIN A. GOODING.

## Winnipeg.

Quite recently we had an encampment of recruits, when our stand forth and proclaimed allegiance to God and the Salvation Army. Last week six were captured from the enemy's ranks; two of whom the fiercest might have escaped being drowned. Another aged man, over 60 years of age, was twenty-three miles to get to the meeting that evening to get saved.

On Sunday afternoon, a brother, who through drink had left home and family, came back to God, got saved, and promised to reform to them. We were moving up. Barncalls and marches larger. Pledgers full of bright faces; good crowds.—CAPTAIN L. LOWRY.

## Western Wanderings.

I have just returned from visiting every corps in the District; and with a heart brimful of gratitude to God, I am anxious to give my comrades the benefit of my trip. Sergeant Butler, of Brandon, volunteered with his team and cutter to accompany me. The snow was very deep, and the roads bad, but our horses—one being an old war charger, and the other a broncho—brought us through well.

We reached RAINY CITY, and found Captain CROOKER in good spirits, and believing for souls.

A good supper, and proper march, gave us courage to face into the enemy's camp. The comrades prayed; Brother Butler sang. Lieutenant Butler told the sinners were twenty-three miles to get to the meeting that evening to get saved. One fine young man tried to laugh, and found it almost impossible to keep back the tears that would come, as he muttered, "I don't believe in it."

The following day we spent in visiting soldiers and friends of the two corps, who were called to pray for souls in the night meeting. Our faith ran high, and we were not disappointed. The Methodist people very kindly loaned us the church. The crowd was large, the collection good; the prayers stirring; a brother, First, a sister, and another brother, another sister; then came a poor devils—yet another sister. The comrades took hold in old-time style, and soon the five souls saved were rejoicing in Jesus.

NEPESWA comes next, forty-four miles. This is only two days from the Corps. Captain CROOKER accompanied us. Brother and Sister Knowley, of Minneapolis, kindly applied our needs on the way. Brother Baldwin gave us the use of his stable. The officers at Neepawa were in excellent. Sixteen souls for Jesus were secured during our stay. Captain CROOKER, our outpost. Five a winner.

Our first meeting was rather uphill work. The following day we spent in visiting soldiers. One sister professed to get saved.

The meeting at night was straight, cutting, and practical. A large crowd of soldiers were present. Nine or ten proper blood-and-fire recruits were enrolled. A good collection was given. A pulpit charge was made into the enemy's ranks, and one soul captured.

Some very kind friends gave us a beautiful new quilt for the garden, and two others a bag of flour each, for which we praise God, and thank them very much.

Did you ever see a blizzard? You should have been with us on Friday, February 9th. Five or six comrades advised us not to return, but we were determined for CANNAN, and acted upon the principle of those who say, "Nothing ventured, nothing won." The storm was terrific. The horses plunged, and struggled, and at last got out of the trap. When at last we were back into the road, we found we were facing the direction from whence we came. Our hearts were uplifted to God. He heard our cry; He came and helped us. A hail in the tempest allowed us to see another trail running west. Although we understood that this was not leading to CANNAN, but in the opposite direction, we felt impressed that we should follow it. The storm was awful; we were feeling very cold. Victims of a night on the open prairie rose up before us. We pressed forward. After ten hours for miles we were over the tops of drifts, a house. Would it be empty or occupied, was the next thought? A shovel at the door looked like hope. Yes, we could put our horses in the shed.

A drive of sixteen miles brought us at last to CANNAN. Captain Butler and Sister Gibson were rejoicing over three souls saved. We attended two public meetings, a cottage meeting, and Junior Soldiers' meeting during the evening.

The trip from Calgary to BRANDON was a most interesting all through. Being the first on the road, tremendous snow drifts had to be overcome. After a drive of eighteen miles, we reached there seven miles more, but as we did so, our horses kicked most lively, broke the fence of the cottage, and the snow did not break the tongue, and tried to run away. We got to a shop, got straightened up once more, and arrived at Brandon at nine p.m., to find that a large building had been burned down by our barncalls.

The spiritual tone of the work around is decidedly on the upgrade. God is going to give us a general upswing. The manifestations of God's power and greatness has been wonderful lately, and we are paying for power to overcome the devil.

Yours at Jesus' feet.

T. A. MASON.

## West Ontario Province

REDAEMER HOLLAND.

## Garnet.

Prison God. Since last report, God has been saving precious souls. Five have sought and found Christ in their personal Saviour. Professor Cook, of London, paid us a visit on February 17th. Good crowd; views splendid.—CAPTAIN McKEOWN.

## Tilsonburg.

At TILSONBURG, I found the Captain under the weather. However, we consoled ourselves with the fact that all things work together for good. A good meeting at night; deep conviction; one went hither, but would not surrender. Lieutenant Taylor has arrived. Now, Lieutenant, go in for G.D. Five recruits to be enrolled.

PURR BOWMAN met on the list. We started for this place, but had not gone far before we had a shaft break, and had to turn back. Captain Davidson is going on furlough, and Lieutenant Cook, Heart is supplying.

FOOT LOCKER is run from Simcoe now. On and a week open last Sunday.

REMARKS.—Eight souls last week.

SERVICES in the midst of a Salvation Army revival. Fifteen or twenty to be enrolled soon.

BRANDON was added to this district lately; had a grand meeting there last night; enrolled twelve recruits, and saw seven people saved and ask God's forgiveness. Yours to help all round.—A. CANN, Knight.

## Stratford.

I arrived here with the Flying Squadron last Thursday to find Captain Ed. Lee and his brave blood and fire soldiers full of faith and expectations for the future. We have not been disappointed. God has nightly come to our assistance, and matched four souls from the grasp of the devil. The soldiers are people that understand their business. Twenty-nine out of forty on the roll marched out Sunday night. Some extraordinary meetings are coming on. What shall the harvest be?—T. J. BATHURST, the Icelandic Lieutenant.

## Cheesley.

We have just been reinforced by Lieutenant Smith. He has come to a good field to find hard work, and we welcome him to our midst, believing he will do his utmost to defeat the devil and win souls for God. Yesterday we got; our congregations were the largest we have yet had; but none yielded to the claims of God. Yours, saved to be a sinner.—CAPTAIN T. H. McLENN.

## Chatham.

We had a Junior's jubilee Wednesday night last, and it was a proper time. The children marched with their flag and drums, and sang and spoke of Jesus and His love, and at the close of the meeting two young women got saved. Sergeant-Major Craft and Sergeant Thomas have this branch of our work well in hand, and altogether we are going in for a blood on this town.

Sunday we had quite a reviewing time. The devil had been trying to upset some of the comrades, but got left, for God upset his plans and two sinners got saved.

Lieutenant Howarth, of Hamilton, travelled Sunday. One soul saved.

NOTES.

Captain Andrews, of Tilbury Centre, reports one soul.

We have had a grand time the past week in Chatham. Saturday night a young man volunteered out for salvation. Barncalls full to the door Sunday night, and four souls volunteered for salvation.—GIVEN MILLER, Knight.

## Windsor.

We are glad to tell you that we have had souls, and one or two extraordinary meetings. For instance, one lasted eight and a-half hours, continuously, and resulted in the salvation of three souls. At another, seven small converts were packed on different given subjects, the meeting lasting from 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m., including on hour's intermission. Things are moving in the right direction.—Lieutenant TUCKER for Ensign MOORE.

## Millbrook.

After an absence of some months from the front of the fight I received orders for this corps. It seems good to be back again, and we are working hard and doing our best to extend the Kingdom. This week has been one of victory. WAR CAPTAIN sold on Saturday; not enough to supply all who wanted them. A good day Sunday. Two souls sought and found Jesus.—LILLIE McLENN, Captain.

## Petrolia.

Arrived when the meeting was two-thirds over; soldiers rather down; expected our officers not here; feel like sheep without a shepherd; Lieutenant Orchard much in the same mind, thinking there would be no officers till after Sunday, and he must take charge. Enter new officer. Brother Ireland, an old comrade, recognises new comers, and says, "Fire a volley for Ensign C." Lieutenant seemed to get an inspiration, and shouted as of old; everybody seemed as they had forgotten all their disappointment, and went in to enjoy the rest of the meeting.

Had a good time on Saturday night and all day Sunday.

Have had to lay a dear comrade in the cemetery, who has fought the fight and triumphed in death.

Since coming here six have sought the blessing, and our salvation.—R. CLARK, Knight.

## Paris.

Sunday we were at it with all our might. Sunday afternoon thirty-one blood and fire soldiers marched the streets; we had a glorious meeting inside. At night twenty-eight soldiers were found on the march and some thirty-two on the platform, which shows we are making progress. The meeting was a wonderful one; God's Spirit worked in many hearts; but not to-night we try.

On Thursday alone came, not a terrible job, but a blood and fire Gale, from Woodstock, and stirred things up at a great rate, winding up at the barncall, where we had a great time meeting. After a host of testimonies some six local officers were present. We are in for victory.—W. McLAUCHLIN, Special Correspondent.

## Woodstock.

We have had "better things than ever." Crowds this week-end have been the largest since we took hold. At a recent soldier's meeting, fifty-two soldiers were present.

Death has also visited us, and taken from our midst a comrade, who was loved by all who knew him—Sister Perry. The arrival of the house was very impressive. Ensigns were away at STRATHROY, and in his absence, the Lieutenant took his place. At the cemetery, there were over 100 persons present. As we sang,

"Shall we gather at the river?"

each one felt that they could look forward to the time with a "sure and certain hope" when they would meet the one who, at our funeral service puts it, "had been promoted from her place in the Woodstock corps, to the mansion prepared for her above."

This week-end we have had Captain Orchard with us. We have had splendid times. The Sunday School, the class, who, at our funeral service puts it, "had been promoted from her place in the Woodstock corps, to the mansion prepared for her above."

—REN BAYAN, for Ensign J. S. GALE.

## Coderich.

We have just received word that Harvey Hinks, an old contributor to the CRY, has gone home to heaven. He passed away peacefully about twelve o'clock to-day. More about him later on.—CAPTAIN and Mrs. STURGE.

## Parkhill.

Our hearts are glad this morning at being able to report victory. Last night (Sunday, February 14th), two souls led the ranks of sin, and proved the power of God to men. Mrs. the break has come, we are believing that even ours are under conviction, and will soon come out on the side of God and right.—ANNE GRANT, Treasurer.

## Galt.

Tuesday, we had a special meeting, to welcome our new Lieutenant, all the way from Newfoundland.

Wednesday evening, while the land boys were practicing, the comrades held a grand cottage meeting, and one poor sinner fell into the fountain.

Sunday, eleven a.m., one out for the blessing of a clean heart.—J. B. BEALL, Special Correspondent.

## TIPS.

Lieutenant May's victory for King James one soul at the Cross.

Staff-Captain Read reports thirteen organs commissioned; a migration wedding; lots of ice and snow, but best of all, fifty souls saved.

BRADY, N.F.—Visit from Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read. Nine souls in the fountain.

Splendid banquet and encampment of recruits at Stratford.

FORBES, N.F.—Ten seek the blessing of a clean heart. Two backsliders come home.

PORT ARTHUR.—Sunday, had our first march; representatives from the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches. Glory!



## Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRETT.

## THE "TO'S AND FRO'S" OF BRIGADIER DE BARRETT AND STAFF-CAPTAIN "MOVE ON."

We are now satisfactorily settled down at Lippincott, and the bugle call at twelve for prayer, the click of the typewriters, the ringing of the telephone, and the tramp of visiting officers, all testify that at last we have got a move on.

By the kindness of the Commandant, who loaned us a stool, and the Social, who lent us a rig, our leaders have been able to get about; and where steeds have failed, we have fallen back on George Stevenson's production, and used the iron horse. Already, Hamilton, Oakville, Markham, Stouffville, and Uxbridge have been visited, and (happy square) come have been for God. A thousand hallo-hellos!

This trip to Markham was a fiasco! Bad enough for the boy that had been used to facing a Canadian winter on his matchless horse, but worse still for our leader, who has been accustomed to tropical heat. We are not surprised that hands, toes, fingers, and nose were all frozen in turn. "Twice a bitter day, and no mistake.

"The Corps of the Grand Old Saints," is the title our Brigadier gave to Uxbridge corps right off. No wonder! The old man of eighty-five, with the veteran woman saint of ninety-one in waiting, for God for the souls saved, no better still, helping to save them.

Mr. Munro, who billeted the Brigadier and Staff-Captain Jones at Uxbridge, is quite a



walking salvation encyclopaedist, and is a fund of salvation fact, and has a real, clear cut, full salvation experience.

Soles moved; good crowds; soldiers fall of go and fight, and Misses and Mrs. Miles fall of faith and good service, was the report we got from Uxbridge, and may it ever be so! It was quite refreshing, and certainly cheering, to hear that a friend, who has never attended the Friday afternoon's meetings at the Temple, had been praying for them all the time. Yes, the vast of to-day is people who will pray! PRAISE!

A feature of the visit of Brigadier de Barrety and his faithful right hand helper, was the soldiers' meetings held at the close of the evening meeting. Full salvation, a revival, the children, and the ward system, were among the themes brought before us, and earnest prayer was made that for a real soul-saving revival.

Captain Smith and Lieutenant Stevens, of Colborne's regiment, are slugging away at Stouffville. A soldier's heart, the team at that place, thinking the Brigadier would like to hear the good news of a real good Sunday, Captain Smith, we are praying for you, and you will have a real time of victory. God be with you!

"Another Anniversary at Riverdale," brought the remembrance from our Brigadier that some folks were not meeting with one Anniversary a year. What a meeting that was, to be sure! Life, freedom, liberty, and a pleading for souls, was some of the features of that gathering that resulted in the salvation of two precious souls. Praise God!

How that new chorus went, to be sure! Here are the words. How do you like them? For the music, attend the Easter Monday's meetings:

"Then sing the glad chorus, His banner is o'er us,  
His mercy is boundless and free;  
From heaven descended, His love is extended,  
To save a sinner from thee and me."

A proper Newfoundland dance was the result of the singing of this song right off; and



Salvationist declared that he had never been in such a meeting. Can't you get up another anniversary, Captain Brooke?

Report both it, that our Brigadier took the corps for forty-five minutes at one of those meetings, and that his Secretary did nearly as well; and yet at the end of that, not a soul left the meeting, but stayed right on, and four-fifths of the congregation stayed the proper meeting nearly out.

Knights Akhmed reports victory from Hamilton. Soles are coming to God. She extends an invitation, that the Brigadier and his Secretary will be glad to accept. Look out for Easter, Hamilton I. and II. Ensign Arbetts has been very well, but is a little better. You might put him on your praying list for April. Captain Hamilton is just coming in the storm, and God is helping her along. "Give us something new in about warlike," said the Knights at Linger Street, and they got it, too: A dinner came forward there also.

Lieutenant Shered has left Orangeville, and comes to the Temple. Look out for a stir up. The Temple is doing nicely, and have had some real good cases of conversion. Look out for another enrolment. Ensign Duvall has a warm place in the Provincial's heart. He loves the children, and wishes that he is going to do something for them. Will any other who wishes to do something for the children, drop a line to the Brigadier, who will write full instruction how to carry on a real salvation children's work: Go for the children!

Reception is doing a rise in the Carr. An officer writes: "I must either get a move on, or drop the Carrs." He has got a move on, and dropped the Carrs in the hotels, and got the money for them. Who will be the next to drop in this fashion?

Well done, Orilla! We do like smart folk. The corps wants to arrange for the summer's work. First, come. First, come. First, come. The Brigadier and Staff-Captain will go. Who's the next?

We have a Provincial text-out; that is, the whip is out; the harness will be when paid for; the horse is lost to us; and the rig we have borrowed! What good friend will come to the rescue, and donate a good second animal? "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth" is the old proverb, but we should like a faithful, good gentleman, guaranteed to reach his destination, and to get there in time for the open-air. Address, Lippincott and Uxbridge, Toronto.

Joshua xv. 9. "Surely the land whom thy feet have trodden, shall be thine inheritance for ever, when thou shalt have passed the Jordan." These last words followed the Lord.

Reception reports that they had the joy while visiting, of leading an old man to Christ, that had passed eighty-four years of his pilgrimage. God broke his hard heart, and he went like a little child.

Ensign Ayre's post-card was written in a hurry; he was just off a trip, but had time to report three souls the night previous, and commend the Provincial Secretary and all the other little secretaries to fire a volley. He reports more in pichik.

## Around Bracebridge District.

Since last report I have visited HURONTARIO; had a proper time, with three souls in the furnace.

One sister wished to see the new J. O., so she heard he was a Newfoundland man, and she got a strange idea about Newfoundland, and the people there; but he is known to all readers of the Cry that a Newfoundland man or woman is the same as a Canadian.

Captain Staines and Lieutenant Mitchell are doing good work at Hurontario. Go on, Canada!

I have also been able to visit PARRY SOUND, a distance of fifty-four miles. Had a proper time; found a lot of good people there.

Captain and Mrs. Markle are in first-class trim, and are in for victory.—Ensign Downes.

## Yorkville.

When God is with us it does not matter who is against us. Nothing is impossible. "I can do all things through Christ Jesus," is the motto over my desk, and in my own God is verifying that promise daily. God has helped us wonderfully since we

came here; He has given us *five souls* in three weeks. We have been able to increase our War Cry; good crowds every night; finances increasing; but we are not satisfied; we must fight harder yet; the devil is kicking, but the leader he kicks the harder we must fight. Now, Yorkville comrades, rally round the old flag, and about at the top of our voices so that the devil can hear you. Victory through the blood of Jesus Christ.—Captain and Mrs. GARNETT.

## Welland.

Last Thursday night Sergeant Bennett had a very comfortable home; Friday morning it was a heap of blackened ruins. The fire was in the morning last night told me he did not believe in heaven or hell, yet he claims to be a Christian. The people seem to listen attentively, but they harden their hearts.—Captain K. TINSLEY.

## Orillia.

"No retreating" is our motto. We welcomed to our midst last Wednesday night our new district leaders, Knights and Mrs. Turner, when they commenced sixteen local officers. We are not dead in Orillia, but are trying, in the strength of God, to pull down the devil's kingdom. Sunday was a good day; no souls, but we believe we had some souls in good ground.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

## Toronto III.

Three precious souls in the fountain at Toronto III. (Linger Street). Soldiers all on fire for the salvation of dying men and women. A realizing up all round, good marches; brass band to the front. There is no time to lose; the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. God wants you, dear reader, wherever you may be, to answer to the call. Yours in the war.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

## Whitby.

Captain Johnson and wife have fared well, and Captain Weathers and Lieutenant Fennell have taken charge. War Cry all out. Visitation coming up; also a blessed soldier's meeting. A *lock-binder* came forward and claimed deliverance. Monday, District Officer Hay and his Lieutenant present. A very stormy night, but we had a good meeting and another poor *lock-binder* saved. Lord keep him steadfast!—FRED R. BLOOM.

## Midland.

Glory to God! Still we march on to victory. The Lord *three lock-binders* and seven *Victory*. The ice is now thoroughly broken, and we trust for a continuation of the warm heavenly glow to keep it broken. If such can only be the case (and why not?) you shall hear of many souls being saved in Midland.—Captain F. McKENZIE.

## Gravenhurst.

THE CHAPTER OF THE AGE OF THE MODERN APOTHECARY IN THE ARMY OF SALVATION.

It was in the commencement of the battle that the Army of the Lord was engaged in this year, Lord Dunsinane. Among the captains of the Army was found one whose name was James. On meeting with a young man having his companion to follow James, asked him, "Can the Lord prepare for you a table in the wilderness?" Many times since that young disciple has been in the wilderness, and he has been able to feed his flock. Many have believed and have been baptized with the Holy Ghost.



The first week of the second month, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-four was filled with deeds of love and grace. On the Sabbath the people were seen wending their way to the house of God, where the good would be heard praising God in song and entreating men to be saved. Monday, this young apostle was seen going from home to home and breaking the bread of life. Tuesday, his wife accompanied him in this visitation. Friday, the prophet was seen going from door to door with roll and sword, giving glad tidings and carrying the good news to all, through a terrific wind storm. He has just paid a visit to the second brigade of this Circle (Sparrow Lake), and

found nearly the whole neighborhood have given up their idolatry and are rejoicing in the true God.

This first epistle is written from Gravenhurst, by Ernest, whose surname is Andrews, captain of the King's horse.

## TRUST AND MISTRUST.

I stood up to give the message which God should give me. As a flash came the words, "My faithfulness as a guide." And lifting up my heart to Him, I began to speak of His loving faithfulness to me, and of the blessed assurance of the fact to my own soul. Then came a rush of thought. Turning to the Captain, I asked, "Might I say what was presented to mind?" And he answered very solemnly, "Sister, say all that God puts into your soul to say!" and a great hush came over the meeting.

Again lifting up my heart to God, I went on.

"Many years ago, some friends were gathered. One had travelled very far, and he spoke of one journey which, he said, he should never, never forget. It was right across the continent of the North American, from New York to the shores of the Pacific. Long and long before the mad rush for the Californian gold, took thousands across to die.

"He told us that he was fairly puzzled—but a kind friend said to him, you can go across the States, and through that pass in the Rocky Mountains, and you will find your way only to a few, and you must have a guide. You will have to come to his terms, and above all, to trust him on the journey.

"So, my friend told us, he engaged the guide and started. On and on, day after day, in long and weary journeys, he lightened by this man's words and skill. It seemed as if he knew every step of the way.

"And now, my friend went on, I came to a part of which I am thoroughly ashamed. When we were about half-way a thought came into my mind, and followed me constantly—should be leading me to destruction. In vain I reasoned against it. The thought made me thoroughly unhappy.

"One morning, as we rode along, my mind filled with these unworthy thoughts, I chanced to look up. The eyes of my guide were fixed upon me, and the gleaming, pitiful look cut me to the heart. In an instant I thought of his well-known character, of his smiling shrewdness; and, as I again looked up, he said slowly, and, oh, so lovingly, 'Trust me.' That was all. But I saw that he had read my thoughts.

"Then and then I knew that I was wrong. That, having accepted this man as my guide, I had no right to doubt him. And by a great effort, I threw the suspicious thoughts away. Then stretching out my hand, it was taken heartily, and confidence was restored between us.

"At length the white tips of the Rocky mountains glittered in the distance. On and on we went till one day it seemed as if our way was barred by the insurmountable hills. But suddenly my guide sprang from his horse and came to my side. Then gathering my horse in his hands, he gave me a lead, and we were by no means careless touch, but by a firm and skillful grip. That the hand which held me was trained to hold, trained to guide. Swiftly and safely he led me down a rocky wall, led me across a narrow passage, out on the other side. And then, as we came to the foot of the mighty Pacific ocean. Our journey was at an end. My guide had brought me safely through.

"And now, my comrades," I said, "it seems to me to-night as if this is just a word to me of God, who has led me through the wilderness, and who are saved have taken Jesus for our guide. Are we trusting Him? Or are we not, and again saying suppose, suppose? If so, we are giving place to the enemy of our souls.

"And when the white tips of the Everlasting Hills are opened to our view, and our feet are secure upon the broad, level shore of Jordan, and all of earth is over, the hand that will be stretched out will be the pierced hand, the hand that was nailed to the cross for us! Oh, may we be enabled still to trust, to be faithful to the very end!"

And I sat down, and the Lord had given me a great blessing in my own soul.

## THE PLEBISCITE.

The official returns of the Plebiscite are now in, showing the total vote to have been 303,244, 192,487 of which were in favor of prohibition, and 110,757 against; a majority in favor of prohibition of 81,730. The counties gave a majority of 70,163; the cities, 5,206; the districts, 2,143; separated towns, 7,12. Essex, Prescott, and Russell, and Waterloo, were the only counties giving a majority against, Windsor the only city, and Prescott the only town. Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry, gave 2,784 majority for prohibition. In the Province, 12,424 women voted for prohibition, and 2,821 against.—The Herald, Morrisburg.



## Came to His Reward.

The readers of the WAR CRY will no doubt remember having read the life-story of "Uncle Joe," of the Yarmouth corps. An interesting story it was, too, giving the details of a wandering drunkard's life; of his breadth escapes from death; of deep contrition and repentance, crowned with

### A Glorious Conversion

to God; of which, we, his fellow soldiers, bear witness. His subsequent life was one of a character that compelled respect from the whole term, and proved would be capable to respect his God.

A thorough Salvationist, for he did not fail to carry his colors wherever he went; nor did he confine his efforts to men to the barracks, for wherever he went, in the business establishments, or in the street, you could hear his song of joy, and see him in earnest conversation with someone about eternal things.

He is gone, and we miss his cheery smile and "God bless you." The cause of our Master loses one of its most fearless helpers. Heaven has gained a soul.

### His Last Sunday

with us was a day of victory, crowned with the salvation of souls; and Uncle Joe, who seemed in better health and spirits than ever, said it was the best day of his life. The door-keeper remembers him going down the barracks steps shouting "Hallelujah!" But he little thought that almost before the ends of that shouting died away, Uncle Joe would have joined the angelic choir. But it was so; for as he was about to step over the threshold of his home, he stepped instead into that of his eternal home.

### The Funeral Service

was held in the First Baptist Church, one of the largest in Yarmouth, which was crowded to the doors by an audience representing every rank of society, who had come there to pay their last tribute. The service was conducted by Rev. J. G. Gage, assisted by Captain Knight; the pastor of the church; the Rev. Temple of Yarmouth, of the Yarmouth corps. It was impressive, and we believe that many among that throng of people were touched, and resolved to turn in repentance to God.

Another impressive service was held at the grave.

### The Templars Taking Part

with their beautiful funeral service.

### The Memorial Service

was held in the barracks the following Sunday night. A tremendous crowd was packed in. The Holy Ghost was at work among that crowd of people, and a work for eternity was done in the hearts of many.

G. B. GARDNER, S. E.

Don't call your Prairie Homestead "Home" without the  
**EASTER SUPPLEMENT.**

## Playing at Saloon-Keeping.

The following true incident occurred at Mount Washington, near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. A saloon-keeper on Smithfield Street, went home one afternoon, and found his wife out shopping. On going out into the back yard, he saw a light which literally paralyzed him. There, at a bench, under an apple tree, were his three sons, the eldest nine years of age, with bottles and tumblers, "playing keep saloon." The youngest was behind the bench, with a towel tied around his waist, and was sitting up the drinks in the usual style, from a pallet of beer, while the others were tipsy, and a neighbor's child was dead-drunk behind a tree.

"My G—! boys, you just don't drink that," he said to the eldest, the six-year-old smallest bartender from behind the bench.

"We're playing saloon, papa, and I was a saloon-keeper, just like you, papa."

The horrified saloon-keeper poured out the beer, took the drunken boy home, and put his children to bed. When the mother returned, she found him crying like a child, and did likewise herself when she learned the story. He at once sold out his saloon, and said he would never again either sell or drink the accursed stuff.

There's nothing a saloon-keeper's fellow want! "E. Bible says, 'Who want that drink his neighbor drink.'" (Eph. ii. 15.)

## Newspaper Clippings.

(The Barrie Gazette.)

The Salvation Army has been in existence twenty-eight years, and has 4,387 mission stations, seventy-four Homes of Rest, where officers go where health is broken down; sixty-six schools for the training of officers; sixty-four almshouses; forty-nine Reformatory for fallen women; twelve Prison Gate Homes; fifty-two Food and Shelter Depots; thirty-four factories and employment offices, and five Farm Colonies.

An illustrious convert has just been enrolled in the ranks of the Salvation Army of the United States. Prince Gallatin, a member of the Russian royal family, who has been making a tour of the world to relieve want, disembarked in Washington to the earnest exhortations of a lady Captain to lead a better life, and straightway sought counsel of Commander and Mrs. Booth. He has decided to consecrate his life to Army work in Siberia. The opinion of most people will be, that he has selected a good field for his labors, if half the stories told about the country are true.

The births, deaths, and marriages Act of British Columbia, is to be amended. Salvation Army officers are to be given the legal right of christening, burying, and marrying, and other privileges enjoyed by ordained ministers of the Gospel.

Petersburg town council recently granted \$20 to the Salvation Army to aid in purchasing new instruments for the band.

(The Echo.)

There was a very brilliant display of the service bands on Thursday evening. Was it caused in honor of the great victory achieved by our townsmen, Mr. Garfield, in the winning of peace, or was it in honor of the Salvation Army holding their first meeting in West Fort William?

(The Daily Witness.)

There arrived in this city late on Friday night, Eugene Mackinnon, with his wife and child, the latter being to take charge of the station, which comprises Montreal and Hamilton and Lehigh. The family has come from Chatham, New Brunswick, where a mighty wave of God's power is sweeping many poor sinners to the fountain of Christ's blood for salvation. His career as an officer in the Army has been a very creditable one, for he has seen service in and throughout the Maritime Provinces, where God has blessed the labor of his hands in a wonderful manner.

Lieutenant Mackinnon came with the contingent of English cadets who passed through this city last November, home by Canadian express in a very short time.

These officers took charge on Saturday night, when, after a resting march, a splendid meeting was held. Commencing at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning and continuing all day outside as well as indoors, there was carried through a most blessed series of meetings.

(The Winnipeg Tribune.)

20,000 Acres of Land Secured in a Fruitful District of Mexico.

IT IS KNOWN THAT 5,000 FAMILIES FROM THE STATES AND PROVINCES WILL BE MADE HAPPY.

MEXICO CITY, Mex., Feb. 12.—A syndicate of capitalists, interested in the work of the Salvation Army, has concluded to purchase from the Mexican Government 20,000 acres of land in Chiapas, Southern Mexico. A member of the syndicate, C. H. Dwyer, sailed for England, where, with the aid of General Booth, plans will be prepared by which five thousand families from England and the United States will be put on a great tract of land in Chiapas, Southern Mexico, under the direction of officers of the "Army." Chiapas is on the extreme southern border of Mexico, on the Pacific Coast. The chief staples produced there are coffee and cotton, but it will produce anything in the way of tropical fruits and grains. The plan is the outcome of General Booth's hope to give the congested condition in the city's poor districts.

(The "Echo.")

Sides with the Devil.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Commander and Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll left this morning for Birmingham. Just previous to his departure he was visited on by Adjutant General Winchell and several other members of the Salvation Army, but the good colonel declined to receive the delegation. They had previously succeeded in persuading him to go to the city of Birmingham, to see the Lord's army, where his majestic majesty will be tried by judge and jury. When a reporter for the Sun called, Colonel Ingersoll said:

"I don't want to get into a controversy with these people. It is too frivolous. There is no point to it. But these people mean well, and are sincere."

and they believe they are doing right. (Here follow some remarks in defense of the devil that we would not soil our paper by printing. —Ed.)

Referring to the above The Echo would like to ask Colonel Ingersoll to point out one good action that the devil ever did with the intention of benefiting humanity. Does not ever action of the devil, both as recorded in Holy Writ and exemplified in the characters and actions of those who are supposed to be serving him have before, tended to lead men into misery in this life and eternal damnation hereafter. Contrast this with the lives of those who are truly serving God (not make-believe and lukewarm professors, of whom also there are too many, but of true sanctified souls) and what is their experience? Are they not happy in their lives and are their lives not a blessing and a source of happiness to others. We are afraid "Job" had a deeper and weightier reason than the one given for not meeting in a public debate a few misnamed members of the Salvation Army.

Fit for the Queen—the Easter Supplement of the WAR CRY.

## "GRACE - BEFORE - MEAT"

### Auxiliary Notes.

The Millennium has not arrived yet; equality in possession of wealth does not exist.

There are rich as well as poor church organizations.

The Salvation Army has not yet emerged from the latter class.

To meet extraordinary needs we must have extraordinary aid out of the way of the law.

The "Grace-before-Meat" Light Brigade is one, the Auxiliary League is another.

The former can be obtained by taking

### A Collecting Box.

the letter by sending 85 or more per annum to the Commandant, S.A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto. These members enjoy privileges. What are they? Send for a circular and see for yourself.

The appointing of the "Grace-before-Meat" local agents has been shifted from the shoulders of the D.O.'s to Head-quarters, who will now assume that responsibility, and will appoint agents on the recommendation of the officer-in-charge of the corps. Each corps, brigade of Circle Corps, or Outpost is to have its local "Grace-before-Meat" agent, who will, for the present, be responsible direct to Headquarters.

Should this meet the eye of any Auxiliary whose membership fee is not paid to date, will you kindly bear in mind that there is a letter at your home awaiting answer. Most happy certainly, to send your renewal ticket—when the renewal comes.

Auxiliaries will especially be delighted to hear of the Commandant's effort to relieve the distress of poor families, during the

### Present Financial Strain

in Toronto, by issuing 10,000 free tickets for this year.

Auxiliaries and friends in Toronto, I trust, will not forget that the Commandant and Mrs. Booth are continuing during the month of March, on Friday evenings, their series of special Holiness gatherings. During February, showers of blessing fell, the ground was well moistened, the seed fell has taken root; and this month, without a doubt, will witness fruit in abundance. Come with your friends and get a share in the meetings at the Y.W.C.A. hall on Elm street. Meetings commence at 7:45.

### Summer is Not Far Off.

Then for the passing on of the boxes from door to door; a word or two or more about this and that; and then on, carrying light and joy, blessing to the heart and home, and a consequent richer after-gathering in of the tithes. Don't separate the tithes gathering from the spiritual—unite the two, and thus help the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ all round. F.T.M.

Will charm the little children—the Easter Supplement.

### Like Father, Like Son.

The son of an habitual smoker will almost always follow the example of his father, no matter how strongly the habit may be condemned, denounced, or punished. The force of example will prove too strong for him, and the young man will follow his natural tendency to copy his father's habits just as soon as his parent's back is turned.

EXCUSE ME! You really MUST be at the Commandant's Friday night Religious Meeting, Y. W. C. A., Elm Street.

## Billy Bray on the Pipe.

"On one occasion," he says, "when at a prayer-meeting at Fick's Mill, I heard the Lord say to me, 'Worship me with clean lips.' So when we got up from our knees, I took the 'quid' (and when speaking of it he would smite the action to the word) out of my mouth, and 'whipped it' (throw it) under the form. But when we got on our knees again, I put another 'quid' into my mouth. Then the Lord said to me again, 'Worship me with clean lips.' So I took the 'quid' out of my mouth, and 'whipped it' under the form again, and said, 'Yes, Lord, I will.' From that time I gave up chewing as well as smoking, and have been a free man."

Smoking and chewing are expensive and wasteful habits, and this view of the matter is worthy of consideration by workmen who find it difficult to live honestly in the world, and especially by Christian workmen who find it still more difficult to render any but most trifling pecuniary aid to the cause which they have espoused. Now than twenty years after Billy had abandoned smoking, he said, "God has just given me enough money to pay my way through life, and nothing for the pipe."

## AUTOHARPS.

The demand for this beautiful instrument is daily increasing. We have repeated requests about them. In order to supply our Officers quickly and cheaply, we have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

No. 1 - 21 strings, 2 bars, producing 3 chords.										4 40
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	5 00
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	5 50
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	6 40
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	7 30
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	8 20
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	9 10
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	10 00
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	10 50
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	11 40
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	12 30

## A TERRIFIC STORM.

Being a Cry to Shipwrecked Human Beings on Sea of Sin, to Enter Heaven's Life-boat, Sube Salvation's Life-boat, and Escape the Temptation of an Eternal Hell.

BY HENRY CAPTAIN J. READ, NEWFOUNDLAND.

I am sitting in the little Army quarters at Scilly Cove, on the southern shore of Trinity Bay. As I write, a fearful south-easterly snow and hail storm, the fiercest I have seen in my life, is blowing. Awful come the raging tempest! Fiercer gets the storm! While shrieks the wind!

While musing, the fire burns in my soul. My mind wanders on to the terrific and dreadful power of God's justice over the wicked. He will now cut upon the wicked nations on that Last Great Day, when His mercy will change to justice.

In imagination, the Great White Throne rises before my vision. The Holy Spirit prompts my pen, and this picture is written forth to comfort God's readers. May the eternal God bless its message to the salvation of many.

In my reverie, I saw the Judge, from Whose face the heavens and the earth fled away. Dragg'd to His bar in a wrath with blackness, horror-stricken men. "Where art thou, he had filled his bill of pleasure. Sports, gambling, races, balls, billiards, etc., he had revelled in. Kernal things had no place in his mind.

He had blasphemed God's name, mocked His followers, cursed His Heaven, and spew'd His faith in God's face. "I am a sinner," and here he is before the Judgment Seat. God's eye pierces him through and through. Guilty wretch! He cannot raise his head. Condemned he stands. "Depart ye cursed!" is his sentence, and into the burning lake he is hurled to spend an eternity with damned souls.

He cursed the devil well. Now he must live with that vile monster for ever and ever, "where their worms die not, and the fire is not quenched."

Ah, that awful Judgment Morn! The earth reels and rocks, the departed rise up a scroll; the world is on fire; the sea gives up her dead; the graves open; sinners call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them; the storm of God's indignation has come, and who is able to stand? Still the Judgment scene continues.

Another ghastly wretch is dragged up to the Throne of Justice. He has ruined his soul and body with that cursed drink. While on earth he ruined his home, mated his children, broke his wife's heart, lived out only half his days, died a heavily drunkard, and received a pauper's burial. "I am a sinner," his loss; into God's presence was he hurled, and with that noise of Christ-rejectors he was cast into the lowest pit of hell, where no drink can be procured, and where, in agony of soul and body, he will cry for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. Poor, poor drunkard!

A poor harlot is next led to the Bar of Justice. All tattered, lacinated and torn; with a shameful visage, a debauched countenance and a ruined constitution, she stands. Near her, awaiting their turn, stand her cursed murderers. Once pure, gentle and innocent, she was entrapped by some foul monster. Driven to despair by hunger and shame, she had cast herself from some high parapet. Into eternity had she jumped, and now she stands before God. With all the other who were murderers, she is cast into the hell's gates; into that agony of woe she departs; the pangs of remorse seize her; her pains bite and sting on an order; those who caused her ruin tremble and quake as their turn draws near.

The next to be called to that dead Bar, is a murderer; a man caught in the very act of taking the life of his brother. Red-headed, and half-hearted he appears. Hardly judges have tried and condemned him. He has stood 'neath the gallows. He has seen the rope laid slipping. The trap-door has closed, and he has seen his life taken by his cursed act. No wonder such an one shudders in the presence of Almighty God. His victim's blood cries out from the ground. His blood hangs. He falls before the feet of Divine Justice. Full well he realizes his doom. "I am a sinner," and foot, is the dread command, and into hell he is dropped, where there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Then these prisoners, these victims are dragged one by one, to receive their doom. Pierce the throat of God's wrath, and the Leader peals the thunder of His justice. Brighter gleams His fiery sword, and the great, awful, Heavenly Anunciator, Justice, is meted out in every case. According to their works are they judged. (Guns are separated from sheep. The cry of the lost, their groans of despair, mingle with the hallooing of those who have come up out of great tribulation. Oh, what an awful scene! Oh, the terror of the Judgment Day! Sinners, it is coming. Backward, ye will be a stupendous loss. Harlot, the fire of passion will burn and burn in hell. Drunkard, there is no whiskey beyond the grave. Scoffer, beware, for your scoffing will be silenced on that great day. Slander-maker, be careful, or you will live for ever in hell, with your poor victims. According to their works will they be judged on the Eternal Morning. God's line of separation will be laid down. There will be no

partiality with God. Oh, then, "back up! the storm is brewing; the firm of wrath are ready to be lighted. Oh, for that awful day prepare! Before this terrific storm comes, fly to Jesus. Still He loves. Still He pleads. None need perish. All may live. Oh, halloah to His name! Rescue, save—"

"Just as the tree cut down that fell, To north or southward there it lies; No man departs to heaven or hell, Fixed in the state wherein he dies."

## PAPA DOES IT.

How true it is that "no man liveth unto himself." Detectives, in the shape of tiny eyes are on your track, prying out your soul's secrets.

All your open confession goes for nothing, even in the judgment of very small children, if you indulge in what is not right.

What an awe-inspiring argument to the child-mind consists in the words, "Papa does it" and if, on the one hand, mother may teach honor for papa, and on the other hand, child for some offence, what an crushing authority for so doing, if "papa does it," whether it be smoking, drinking, or any other thing.

Now, what shall be the course of a mother on the two horns of such a dilemma? Either she must condemn the act, and papa, too, bringing proof that it is wrong, or allow wrong to go on unconcorrected till evil habits are formed.

Are you in the habit of frowning, or using slang words? Are you cynical? Watch your miniature on the floor at play, and hear how carefully you are copied. Oh, you to whom children look up for examples, how great is your responsibility!

A THOUGHTFUL MOTHER.

## The Commandant,

The Brigadiers,

The Majors,

The Staff-Captains,

The Adjutants,

The Ensigns,

The Brigade-Captains,

The Captains,

The Lieutenants,

The Sergeant-Majors,

The Sergeants,

The Special Correspondents,

The Soldiers,

The Juniors,

The Auxiliaries,

The Friends,

The Front Seat People,

The Back Seat People,

The Sympathizers,

The Critics,

The Toughs, the Wide Wide World of Readers of the Canadian WAR CRY ought not to be without the

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER OF THE "WAR CRY."

AND ITS

- - Exquisite Supplement. - -

## The Psalms of Shea.

1. I was glad when they said unto me, come let us go up into the Salvation Army barracks: there will we give our testimony, and there will the Lord hath done for us.

2. What! do the death rage and the people imagine, evil things? Is not God with us, performing great things in our barracks?

3. Therefore will we rejoice greatly, and do a fit commendation. Is not God with us, and wonder if that in Salvation.

4. Blessed is that man who sticks to the Army, even his son, and sticks to it in the thick ranks of the lawbreakers; no walk-out not in the council of the officers; no myth about at seven o'clock on Sunday morning.

5. But his delight is in saving souls; and in the prayer meetings he doth pray as if his head would fly off.

6. Cry out and shout, thou soldier of Winnipeg, for great is the Holy Ghost, Who is with us. (Volley.)

7. Lift up thy head when thou prayest, oh, soldier, and try not to put it between thy knees on the floor, looking as if thou wert trying to stand on thy head.

8. In Thine, oh, Lord, do I put my trust; keep Thou me well saved, and deliver me from every being a milk-and-water kind of soldier. (Volley.)

9. Truly, God is good to Salvationists. Never since I was saved have I lacked any

good thing: yes, I have had an abundance of ammunition.

10. As the psalmist is proud about Winnipeg, so is the Lord proud about every soldier who prays.

11. Though pay-day comes, and there be no sound of pittance in my pocket, and hard times stare me in the face, and poverty would slay me, yet will I trust in the Lord. (Volley.)

12. Yet in the day when Thine, oh, Lord, dost give me a good job, and cause me proud to be fat, yet do not let me be stingy, and forget to put in our cartridges.

13. Purge me from my tobacco, and then shall my mouth be clean to sing and shout Thy praises, oh Thou most adorable Saviour.

14. Create in me a desire to sell WAR CRY, and help me to buy one for myself every week, oh, Lord. The Captain shall hear thereof and be glad. (Volley.) F. E. S.

Will intensify the reverence of a Cathedral—the Easter Supplement.

## ENGLISH PROVERBS.

"As the old bird crows, so the young one learns."

"A chip of the old block."

"An evil lesson is soon learned."

"As you sow, so shall you reap."

"He that sows not corn, plants thistles."

"All examples are like contagious diseases."

"Example teaches more than precept."

"Saying and doing are two different things."

"One bad example spoils many good precepts."

"Friction which you preach."

## The Churches and the S. A.

### OPINION OF REV. SAM JONES.

In a recent interview, that well-known evangelist, Rev. Sam Jones, of Cartersville, Georgia, U. S., gave this reply in answer to the following question:—

INTERVIEW.—"How do you think the present church organizations could be reformed so as to bring about the best spiritual results?"

REV. SAM JONES.—"Our numbers make us an unwieldy army. Our want of unity cripples us in our power. We all agree that something ought to be done, but we can never agree upon methods. Year after year the saloons multiply, gambling halls flourish, churches are put in their work. The rank and file of the church are idle, and the captains of the hosts of

Israel Cannot Agree

upon any plan of battle, or as to the methods by which the church can be led on to victory. Some prefer stagnation, some annihilation, and prudence and conservatism dominate the church to-day. The Salvation Army is the most effective Christian force in the world at the present time. They are not sticklers for methods, but are all united on the proposition that

Sin is a Disease,

universal in its influence, and that Jesus Christ is the only divine Saviour. Without creed or doctrine they go to the world with these two propositions. They use drum and fire, they wear red shirts and sing popular songs to attract attention and draw the multitudes to their places of worship. Churches, the dignified order of divinity sticklers for decency and order; seventy-five is a full house, and eighty is a turbid jam in his church."—*Evangelist*.

## SIGNS OF LUKEWARMNESS.

Lukewarmness is a sign which, strictly speaking, belongs only to those who make a profession of religion. The majority are not lukewarm, they are decidedly cold. The lukewarm person may hold the form of sound doctrine, avoid gross immorality, and be a member of some Christian church; no one may be able to lay any specific charge against his character before the world; he is not totally dead in his spiritual life, but like a man seriously diseased for whom great fears are entertained as to whether he will ever recover.

Notice the signs of this evil disease: 1. An indifference in attending the ordinances of public worship; indifference to trifling things in the weather, in the family, in business, in health, are raised as excuses and hindrances.

2. More attention paid to the character of the minister and the sermon than to the truth which is preached; the devotional parts of the service are of no importance; when the sermon, however late attendance; they do not like faithful preaching, they like smooth things; eloquence, oratory, and such like human exhibitions are more thought of than divine power, which searches the heart.

3. Feebly worship is subservient to amusement, to trifling, to business, to indifference in sleep, to the fear of man.

4. Family government is lax; children are not religiously trained; are not instructed in godliness; are allowed to read books, to sing songs, to form condescend, and to frequent places which are far from encouraging Christian living.

5. Private devotion, while not fully neglected, is kept up as a compromise with conscience.

6. There is no particular choice as to the company with whom he keeps.

7. There is loose integrity in pursuit of worldly gains even under the show of religious obligations.

8. There is no reproving the wicked for their sins, and no effort to do them good even when all things are in favor of their doing so.

9. There is spiritual pride as in the landowners; they thought themselves rich, increased in goods, and in need of nothing; whereas they were poor, blind and miserable.

It is a fearful thing to have these symptoms in spiritual life; they indicate the near approach of death; they are symptoms self-induced and self-contained, such as self may remove by the help which Christ affords; hence He says to him who is the subject of them, "I counsel thee, buy of Me gold, that thou mayest be rich, and they that take the word of His promise shall be rich, etc." (Rev. iii. 18.)

How many Christians are there who so thoroughly believe God made them that they can laugh in God's name; who understand that God invented laughter and gave it to His children? The Lord of gladness delights in the laughter of a merry heart.—*The Canadian Church Journal*.

## EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

"Don't you ever take wine?" said an easy-going bishop to a friend, "are you afraid of it?"

"No," replied his wiser friend, "I am afraid of the example."





# Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

## England.

— SINGING THEM OUT OF THE BOX. — J. D. D. 28.

BY HANSDORAN WALLER.

TUNE—Joy! Joy! Joy! (B.J. 10.)

Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Hellish fires are around us burning.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Destroying precious souls.  
Who will go—who will go  
Forth to rescue them from woe?  
Let them God's salvation know!  
With holy hearts and eager hands  
Snatch from the fire the burning brands,  
Bind to the Cross with loving bands  
These never-dying souls!

CHORUS.

Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Heart and soul with sin contending.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Flame in soul save the lost!

Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Hell destruction's flames are raging.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Consuming young and old.  
We will go, we will go,  
And the power of Jesus show,  
For we've proved that His blood  
Makes the vilest white as snow.  
We'll bring them to the Cleansing Wave,  
And quench the fire which in them craves  
With Jesus' love, Who lives to save  
These never-dying souls!

## New Zealand.

JOHN N. WILLIAMS, CHRISTCHURCH.

TUNE—*Land of Judah.*

When I first saw the Army marching  
The first, sir,  
I thought it was funny: I said they were  
mad;  
But now I belong to this funny concern, sir;  
Salvation I have, and it's that makes me  
glad.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'm glad I have joined 'em. I'm glad I  
have joined 'em.  
I'm a blood-and-fire soldier to the crown of  
my head;  
I love the poke bonnet that our lasses do wear,  
I am proud of my 's and generosity of red.



"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!

A pattern I should be:  
Aye, I should live before him  
So he find no fault in me.  
Not able to see in every case  
As one who he deems true  
And one he thinks is one to gain  
A home beyond the blue.

Of course, you will tell us that it is quite  
wrong, sir.

To say that our sins have been all swept  
away.

Well, I'm glad I belong to this. Mood and fire  
throng, sir.  
Who can point to the place just as well as  
the day.

Yes, the burden was shifted—oh, glory to  
Jesus!  
And God, in His mercy, spoke peace to my  
soul;  
And He gave me a ticket that will take me to  
Heaven,  
If I will be faithful and go to the goal.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!  
My brother looks to me  
To aid him, that he stand his ground  
And a true warrior be.  
He looks for kind and cheering words  
To help him on his way,  
And claims his right to my support  
When in the deadly fray.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!  
If he should go astray,  
My duty is to go to him  
In a kind, gentle way,  
And tell him where he has done wrong  
And help him gain the track,  
Should he may think of turning on  
And not of going back.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!

The Saviour holds me so;  
He lays on me my brother's life  
Wherever I may go.  
Lord, hold me to my duty well,  
And Thy true follower be  
That if my brother falls, his loss  
May not be laid on me!

It is years ago, now, since I got on this track,

The track that will lead to the city of gold;  
The devil would like me again to come back,  
But I'm not going to do it—I know him of  
old.

For daily I'm proving that religion is best,  
It gives me such happiness, comfort and  
joy—  
Each joy that the world is unable to give,  
Each peace that the devil can never  
destroy.

## Australia.

BY ISABELLA DOUGLASS.

TUNE—*Her bright smile haunts me still.*

Sinner, God is calling yet,  
Shall He plead with you in vain?  
Can you still sit in a room?  
Will you still sit in a room?  
Listen to the pleading voice  
Of the Christ Who died for thee:  
Hasten, now make Him thy choice,  
While He waits to set you free.

Repeat last two lines for chorus.

Think of years all wasted, gone,  
Spent in sin, and lost for aye;  
Time is still fast speeding on,  
Then to wait, no more delay.  
For our God will not be mocked,  
You must reap what'er you sow:  
At your heart He long has knocked,  
All because He loves you so.

Are sin's paths no passing sweet,  
Do earth's pleasures satisfy?  
Bringing joy when God you meet.  
At the Judgment by-and-by:  
For life's morning watcheth fast,  
And eternity draws near:  
Looking back upon thy past,  
Do its memories bless and cheer!

## India.

BY KRISHNA.

TUNE—*I need Thee, oh, I need Thee!*

Jesus, with yearning heart  
I come to Thee;  
Lift me to Thy reveal  
Thyself to me.

CHORUS.

Baptize me, oh, baptize me,  
For the fight baptize me,  
Of dying souls a saviour  
I long to be.

Baptize me with Thy power,  
That I may know  
Continual victory  
O'er every foe.

Baptize me with Thy love,  
Nought else can win  
Hearts that are perishing  
Deep down in sin.

## Facts About Folks.

The General has promised to visit Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Sweden.

Colonel Dowdie spent his fifty-third birthday at sea en route to Australia.

Colonel Lucy Booth will shortly visit England.

Commissioner Coombe is arranging to be in England for the C. P.

Major Lewis's recent tour yielded one hundred new members of the Light Brigade.

Major Ross' son and daughter are both about ten—the former days, the latter years.

More Music.—Mrs. Hansdoran Appleby has presented the Army with another daughter.

Staff-Captain Moss, of Australia, has a little son.

Brigadier Jacobs and family and Captain Raynor return to Canada in the *Levensham*, on March 8th.

Staff-Captain Douglas, who has been in Dublin for some weeks on account of family affairs, returns to London this week.

Major Blackledge liked the Jamaicans, who, he says, are much misandered and hated. All the children on the island can sing modern hymns like larks.

Mr. Hewitt, a groceryman of Hasford, gave twenty-five cents a week to send *War Cry* to Folsom Prison.

The Rev. Mr. Eddon, a Methodist New Connexion minister, was converted under the General thirty years ago. The son of Mr. Eddon was also brought to God last autumn through the instrumentality of the General, and is now a candidate for the work.

"Then," a valued contributor to the *Young Soldier*, and esteemed personal correspondent Staff-Captain Ward, is a great-granddaughter of William Brewster's, the great Methodist of a hundred years ago. She aspires to Salvation Army citizenship.

The widths of the Sheffield platform at the opening was tremendous. Commissioner Howard, Colonel Fellard, Major Lindsay and other guests in attendance were: Colonel Lawley and Major Holder, European; and Colonel Ross and Major Radie, Canadian.

Dr. Channing says: "The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of men as men, is spreading steadily but surely. Not that the world of men is becoming kinder and more understanding as it should be, but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A consciousness of it has seized upon the public mind. Even the most selfish portions of Society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they are designed."

The Christmas firm of Messrs. Cadbury & Co., cocoa manufacturers, take the most meticulous care of their girl employees. A cup of warm tea and a tea biscuit are given to every girl on her arrival each morning. An hour is allowed for dinner. Opportunity is allowed for changing damp boots, which can be placed on racks above hot-water pipes; playground, shot in by trees, is also provided; besides which the wages are above the average.

## Picker's Dictionary.

CONDEMNATION.—condemne. Those who condemn the word condemnation. The moment one's soul is condemned, the conscience passes judgment, and says, "guilty." In some countries, one who is condemned as a felon (unless pardoned by the governor or government) before their term expires, they lose the right of citizenship in said country. A follower of Christ, who is condemned through the things which he alloweth, loses his right of citizenship to the Heavenly Kingdom.

DISCOURAGEMENT.—discouraged. "All discouragement is of the devil," so reads a Garrison motto. A coward testified, "When I am down in the mouth, I just look to Jesus, and he encourages me on."

ADRIAT.—floating at random. Some folks seem to make a great deal to do over the fact that there are two hundred and fifty abandoned hulks floating at random on the Atlantic. Still folks pay very little, in fact, no attention to the fact that there are thousands of human wrecks floating around on the sea of time.

MACHINE.—an engine. One of our local officers testifies, "Oh, I want God to make me a converting machine!" Engines with fire and fuel, usually accomplish something, and finally reach their destination. Engines, like Salvationists without any power, have a name to live, but still are dead.

COMPLAINT.—accusation. People often complain that Salvationists are too outspoken in their denunciation of sin and sinners. On one occasion, a young lady called to the officers' quarters to see the Captain to lodge a complaint against the Lieutenant. She said she wrote to her, "What did he say?" enquired the Captain. "He told me I was going to hell."

## TRIALS.

Our Heavenly Father deals with us something after the manner of an ancient painter with his pupil. The young artist produced a picture of much merit, which was greatly admired by all. His young heart was swelled by vanity. He laid aside his palette and pencil, and sat daily before his easel admiring the offspring of his own genius. One morning he found his beautiful creations expunged from the canvas. He wept bitterly. His master appeared and said, "I have done this for your benefit, the picture was ruining you." "How so?" demanded the pupil. "Because, in the admiration of your own talents, you were losing the love of the art itself. By the chains of vice, 'I cry again.' The youth dried his tears, seized his pencil, and produced a masterpiece, which, but for this severe trial, he would in all probability have never executed.

At the "Mills Meeting" in Montreal the great Evangelist—who is being owned by God in such a wonderful way—said:

When Mrs. Booth held a meeting in New York, she had with her on the platform six or seven women, all dressed, who looked as though they had just been rescued. Mills wondered who they were; and when he saw their faces the mystery deepened, for their faces were like angels. Mrs. Booth introduced them as alum captives. They gave their report. They lived on Cherry Hill, the worst part of New York, in two rooms with no furniture; went down into the saloons and dives to meet Christ unto those who were bound by the chains of vice. "I used to drive my own carriage," said one of them, "and was wretched; now I have unspeakable joy and peace." "You may pity us," said another; "we rather pity you." Praise God for the opportunity we have to tell the unconverted of Christ! "If Jesus were here to-day, He would go where He went when He was on earth, into the places of vice and crime.

